

The Canadian Woman's Magazine
CHATELAIN

February 1950

FIFTEEN CENTS



**Sew
and Save**

People Are Fiends • Secret Ballot : Do Women Marry for Love?

*Dress beautifully
and cut clothing costs in half!*

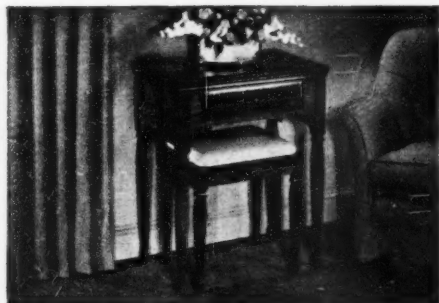
YOU CAN DO IT WITH A NEW SINGER SEWING MACHINE

TAKE THIS lovely wool dress, for example. Smart style, fine fabric, expensive detail. You'd be lucky to buy it for \$30 or \$35.

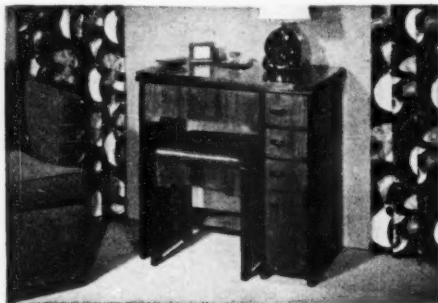
But you can *make* it for less than half that price. Make it easily — with one of the new SINGER* Sewing Machines. They're the smoothest, easiest stitchers that ever flew down a seam. Portables from \$89.50, cabinet electrics from \$150.00.† See the new models now.

And whenever you want notions, lessons, buttons covered to order, call on your SINGER SEWING CENTER.

**SINGER is the only sewing machine made in Canada
by Canadian workmen, of Canadian materials.**



• For smooth-stitching dependability, no other make can match SINGER. And it's nice to know you can always get service and supplies from any SINGER SEWING CENTER. Machine above is popular console model.



• Going modern? You'll like this SINGER desk-model machine. A double-duty piece with roomy drawers, matching stool. SINGER has handsome period styles, too. Colonial, Queen Anne, console — all in the finest woods.



• Best-seller among machines — SINGER* Featherweight Portable. Weighs only 11 pounds. Comes in neat luggage-like case. Stitches forward and backward, sews over pins, has all the features of a full-size model.



• When you buy your new machine, you are given the famous SINGER course in home dressmaking or decorating. Eight two-hour lessons at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. You also get a basic set of SINGER attachments at no extra cost.



• Nation shopping is simple — at your SINGER SEWING CENTER. You'll find thread, scissors, trimmings, buttons — and the new "SINGER Sewing Book," a complete guide to home sewing with 1000 illustrations.



* FOR YOUR PROTECTION SINGER sells and services its Sewing Machines and other products only through SINGER SEWING CENTERS, identified by the Red "S" trade-mark and "SINGER SEWING CENTER" emblem on the window, and never through other outlets.

At right is SINGER SEWING CENTER at 185 King Street W., Kitchener, Ont. More than a hundred others from coast to coast! For address of your SINGER SEWING CENTER see phone directory — listed under SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY.

SINGER SEWING CENTERS

THERE'S ONE NEAR YOU TO SERVE YOU



Plaid jacket dress above is made from Butterick Pattern #5143.





"Skin blemishes were a real problem," says glamorous Carmen Lister of Montreal. "Then a friend recommended Noxzema. I used it as my powder base and in no time my skin looked soft and smooth once more. Now it's my regular beauty aid."



"I have very sensitive skin—and need a good protective cream," says lovely Effie Sorenson of Vancouver. "Ever since I started using Noxzema as my regular beauty aid and hand cream, my skin always seems so soft and smooth."

LOOK LOVELIER IN 10 DAYS ... OR YOUR MONEY BACK



Ottawa! "I was very self-conscious about blemishes," says Margaret Young. "Then I used Noxzema as my powder base and night cream. Now my skin always looks softer, smoother."



Calgary! "Whenever I'm troubled with painfully chapped hands, I just smooth on Noxzema," says Mrs. Doreen Roberts. "It's so wonderfully soothing—brings instant relief."

**Skin Specialist develops new home beauty routine!
Helps 4 out of 5 women in Clinical Tests!**

● Practically every woman has some little thing wrong with her skin. If you're bothered with dry rough skin, annoying blemishes... if your hands are red and rough from housework... here's real news!

A skin specialist, using one cream—medicated Noxzema—has developed a New Home Beauty Routine. In clinical tests it helped 4 out of 5 women. Here is the specialist's 4 Simple Step Routine.

Morning—1. "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." Apply Noxzema all over your face. With a wet face cloth actually wash your face with Noxzema—as you would with soap. Note how clean your skin looks and feels.

2. After drying face, smooth on a protective film of greaseless Noxzema as a powder base.

Evening—3. Before retiring, again "CREAMWASH WITH NOXZEMA." See how easily you wash away make-up, the day's accumulation of dirt and grime—how really clean it leaves your face.

4. Now massage Noxzema into your face. Pat a little extra over any blemishes to help heal them. Noxzema is

greaseless—no messy pillow smears!

Remember—this new "Home Facial" was clinically-tested by skin specialists with amazing results!

Softer, Whiter Hands

And if your hands get red and rough from dishwashing, housework... or painfully chapped from exposure—try medicated Noxzema. In clinical tests, 9 out of 10 women showed softer, whiter, lovelier-looking hands in just 24 hours!

Money-Back Offer

So sure are we that Noxzema's results will delight you, we make this sincere money-back offer. Tonight—smooth Noxzema on your hands. Tomorrow—start using this New Home Facial. See if your hands don't look softer, whiter in 24 hours. See if your complexion isn't smoother, softer and lovelier-looking in just 10 days. If not completely satisfied return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto, Canada—your money cheerfully refunded.

But you will be delighted! Try it. Get Noxzema now while you can get twice as much for your money.



Rough, Dry Skin! "Before I used Noxzema my skin was terribly dry," says Margaret Jeffrey, Winnipeg. "Now it's my regular night cream—helps my skin look softer, smoother."

**NOXZEMA
CHAPPED SKIN
SPECIAL**
**TWICE AS MUCH
FOR YOUR MONEY**
Big 10 oz. Jar \$1.00
for only
LIMITED TIME ONLY

When a COLD threatens to run through a family . . .



IT's all too easy for a cold, once it starts, to spread from one member of the family to another . . . with troublesome results. That's why it's so sensible to enlist the aid of the Listerine Antiseptic gargle *early and often!*

This pleasant antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of threatening germs called the "secondary invaders."

Although many colds may be started by a virus, it is these "secondary invaders," say many authorities, that are responsible for much of the misery you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic, if used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, can often help forestall the mass invasion of these germs and so head off trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable germ-killing action has been demonstrated time and again. Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour later.

This germ-killing power, we believe, accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable clinical test record against colds. Tests made over a period of 12

Threatening "Secondary Invaders" which Listerine Antiseptic attacks

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus hemolyticus, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus viridans, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

You can see by their names that they're nothing to fool with. Millions of them can live on mouth and throat surfaces, waiting until body resistance is lowered to strike. You can realize the importance of the regular use of Listerine Antiseptic to try to keep their numbers reduced.

years showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually had milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So, whenever there's a cold in your family, prescribe Listerine Antiseptic for everyone. It's a wise thing to do.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO. (Canada) Ltd.

TEEN PAGE

Try Our Heart-0-Meter

Your diary is full of "he," "him," and Harry. You're mad about the lad. We know exactly how you feel . . . but before you jump *right* over that Valentine moon, check your heavy heartbeats here and find out

If It's Love

1. Do you enjoy just being together?
2. Are you proud to introduce him to your friends?
3. Do you both like the same things?
4. Does he listen with both ears to your doings?
5. Is he quick to notice a new get-up?
6. Do you mail each other clippings, silly notes, this 'n' that?
7. Does he compare you favorably with other girls?
8. Can you argue politics or rugby in friendly fashion?
9. Do mutual friends consider you well matched?
10. Is he understanding about your window-shopping weakness?
11. Do you like his parents, his brothers or sisters?
12. Is he usually cheerful and happy?
13. Does he ask your advice, listen to all your suggestions?
14. Do you mark the anniversary of your first date?
15. Is it easy to talk over your private woes with him?
16. Are you proud of his appearance?
17. Does he offer a helping hand when you plan a girl hen-cluck?
18. Do you like his friends?
19. Is he courteous and considerate of older people?
20. Do your girl friends seem to like him?
21. Does he have a sense of humor?
22. Is he as intelligent and educated as you are?
23. Does he attend the same church (or one similar)?
24. Do your parents approve?
25. With your kid brother, does he act as though model planes mattered?

If you have 20 yeses: It's luv, my dove!



Or Just A Passing Fancy

1. Does he ever belittle you before your pals?
2. Do you always wind up doing what he wants?
3. Does he gaze after that blonde while walking you home?
4. Does he get you home so late you have to be brought in out of the dark by radar?
5. Has he a habit of breaking dates for no reason?
6. Could it be you're going steady just to ape the crowd?
7. Are you always defending him before your parents, friends?
8. Does he disregard your feelings and wishes?
9. Does he abandon you at dances and parties?
10. Does he deep-freeze when he can't get his own way?
11. When with him, do you ever feel lonely?
12. Do you still glad-eye the other boys?
13. Does he keep his own doings a deep dark secret?
14. Do you spat over small bits of biz?
15. Does he pose a piazza problem, when all you want to do is quick-kiss good night?
16. Does he come acourting with a convoy along?
17. Is he always saying nice things about himself?
18. Does his appearance, or behavior, ever embarrass you?
19. Does he expect you to keep up the bright conversation?
20. Is your mother a bit sticky over some of his friends?
21. Is he forever griping over his schoolteachers or boss?
22. Is he more than five years older than you?
23. Do you sense his sweet-talk has seen a lot of wear?
24. Does he save his heavier money to gad with the boys?
25. Does he act as though you are name-tagged "HIS"?

If you have 20 yeses: Alas, my lass!

Jay n' Jill

RHEUMATIC FEVER

Medical science is steadily gaining in the fight against rheumatic fever. While this disease is still the leading threat to the health and well-being of school-age children, studies show that the death rate has been going down for the past 20 years. In fact, during the past 8 years, this decline has been 3 times faster than it was before 1940.

Authorities stress that there is much to be done if our fight on rheumatic fever is to progress still further. Although attacks of the disease may weaken the child's heart and thus require careful medical attention, specialists say that there are 3 important ways in which parents can cooperate with doctors in helping to safeguard their children's health:



1. By keeping alert for warnings of rheumatic fever. Loss of appetite, pains in the joints, or persistent low fever may be signs of this disease. Often they are not, but it is always wise to check with a doctor.

Sometimes rheumatic fever has no symptoms, so it is also a good precaution for the child to have a thorough medical examination at regular intervals.



2. By following the doctor's advice about treatment in case the child has rheumatic fever. Doctors often advise long rest in bed to help protect the heart from unnecessary strain.

Parents can do a great deal to make the child's stay in bed easier and more beneficial by finding ways to keep the child occupied and interested. Diversions suited to the individual child are recommended. These may include games, books, and other amusements that do not tax the child's strength.

When the child is allowed to leave his bed, parents should see that he returns to normal activity only as gradually as the doctor recommends.



3. By helping to guard against recurrence. One of rheumatic fever's great dangers is that it may strike more than once.

To help guard against this, doctors may advise steps for keeping the child in good physical condition, and for avoiding nose and throat infections which may precede another attack. With good medical guidance, a recurrence of this disease can frequently be prevented.

Research on diseases of the heart is increasing. To aid in this work, 148 Life Insurance Companies support the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund which makes grants for special studies in diseases of the heart and blood vessels. To learn more about helping your heart, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 20-L, "About Rheumatic Fever."

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Please send me a copy of your booklet, 20-L, "About Rheumatic Fever."

Name

Street

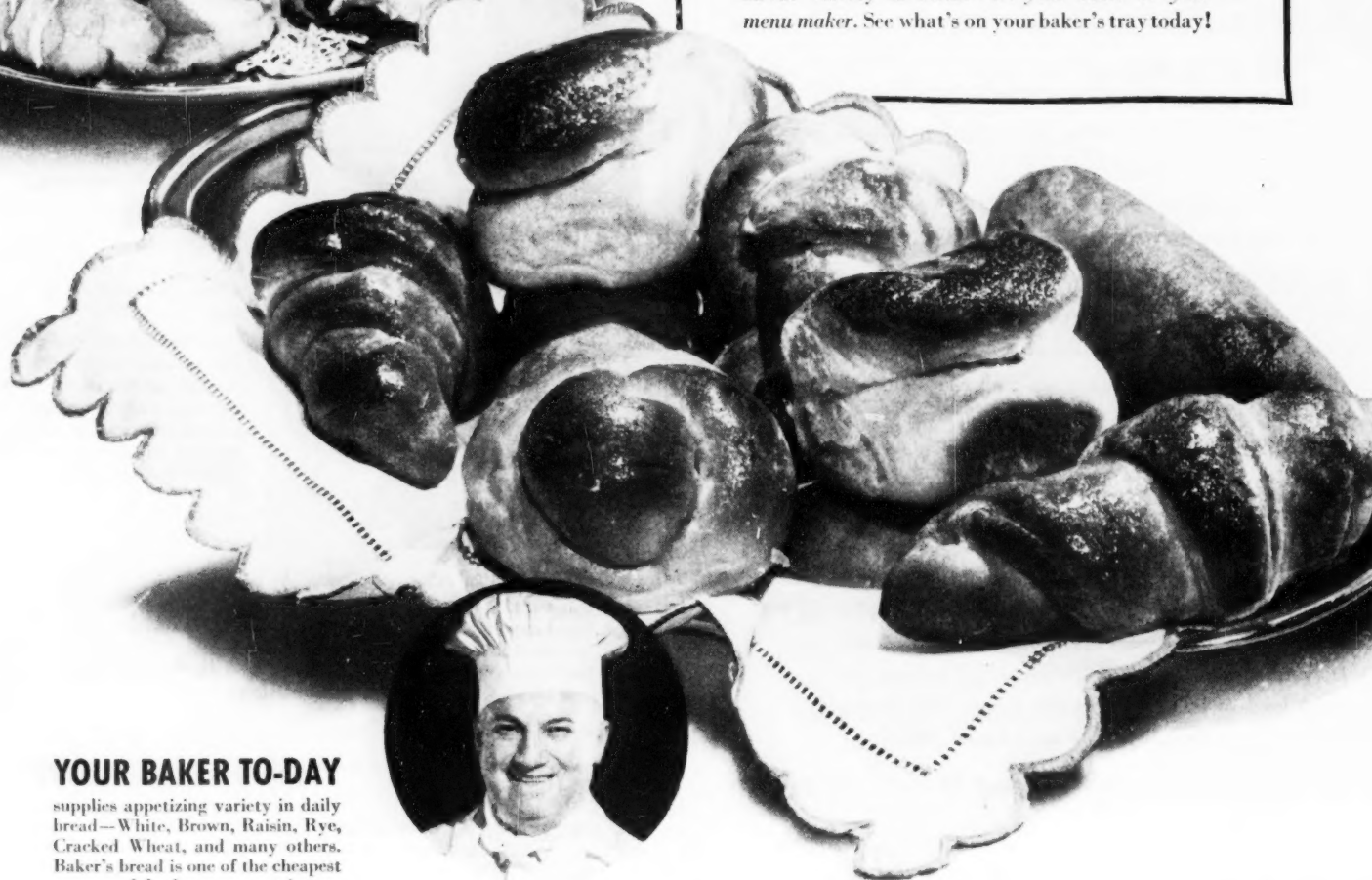
City Prov.



Let your Baker be your Menu Maker!



YOUR BAKER not only supplies delicious, wholesome bread for your table—bread for your recipes. Out of his fragrant ovens come all manner of mouth-watering goodies to crown the menu of every meal! Heavenly Coffee Cake and Cinnamon Buns for breakfast . . . luscious fruit-filled treats for luncheon . . . piping hot Parker House Rolls for dinner. *Breads in variety*, too, for snacks any time of day or night. So don't get wrinkles worrying about variety in meals—*let your baker be your menu maker*. See what's on your baker's tray today!



YOUR BAKER TO-DAY

supplies appetizing variety in daily bread—White, Brown, Raisin, Rye, Cracked Wheat, and many others. Baker's bread is one of the cheapest sources of food energy—an important source, too, of protein for muscle building and tissue repair.

Published by the makers of Fleischmann's Yeast as a contribution to the advancement of national welfare through increased consumption of Canadian wheat products.



People are Fiends

by **James Charles Lynch**

Illustrated by Murray Smith

Anything can happen to a girl on a radio quiz. Stephany won the jackpot, but someone should have warned her that in the zany business of give-aways the victor often becomes the victim.

STEPHANY McGUINNESS paused beneath the brilliantly glowing sign of Hollywood's most famous drugstore, pressed her beautiful nose against the plate-glass window and spied upon those within. According to rumor, more talent had been discovered inside these four walls than in any other place in the world.

This evening, as usual, the place was crowded with beautiful young women and handsome young men, all of them hoping some big producer would walk in and discover them and fall flat on his face, out of pure ecstasy. Stephany had hung around the past week for the same reason and no one, as yet, had fallen on anything, even by accident.

What interested her most, at the moment, was that Johnny Doran, the lanky, dark, handsome young man who usually hung around in front of the cigar counter, was not to be seen. Stephany considered that fact to be her most important break, so far, since coming to Hollywood.

Relieved, but still wary, she went on inside. If she could have thought of a single reason to dislike Mr. Doran, none of this caution would have been necessary, but hungry as she was, her resistance felt too low to trust. If Mr. Doran would rush up right now and suggest one of Hollywood's famous restaurants, Stephany was sure she would throw her arms around Mr. Doran and weep and, later, under the influence of food, proceed to ruin her career.

Mr. Doran, she had found out, came equipped with the most single-tracked mind in the world. The first time she had entered this drugstore, Mr. Doran had introduced himself and offered to buy her a coke, which she had refused. As of last night the man had worked up to a Bowl Concert and some place like Ciro's, afterward. Still rebuffed he had, with touching sincerity, proposed marriage—the last thing Stephany had in mind.

Seating herself at the fountain counter,

+

Continued on page 50





Canadians DIVORCE

Do men and women have different attitudes toward their marriage vows? What's the greatest deterrent to divorce? How many women marry for love? Chatelaine Councilors answer these questions in a secret ballot

RAPIDLY Rising Divorce Rate Threatening Sanctity and Very Existence of Christian Home."
"B. C. Becoming Reno of Canada."
"Ontario Leads as One in 13 Marriages Ends in Divorce."

Yes, you've seen these headlines before.

Scared? Depressed? Feel as though you may as well adopt a cynical attitude toward marriage, as a cushion against failure?

Well, before the shadow of gloom envelops you completely, examine the other side of the picture. After all, the birth of a two-headed cow has a way of obscuring the millions with only one head.

The Canadian divorce rate, which began a steady climb back in the 1940 war years, showed a break in 1948. As of March 1949 there was another drop of 16%.

Is there a possibility that the headlines are more hysterical than those playing the premier roles in the drama?

To mirror the thinking of the majority of Canadians on the subject of divorce, Chatelaine went to two sources—its council of 2,000 women living in every province of Canada and their husbands. What do these marriage contractors think?

They, both husbands and wives, give us compelling evidence that divorce is not a problem of great magnitude in Canada; that the majority of Canadians have their marriages firmly established in spite of specific cases to the contrary.

Here are the facts and figures.

In answer to the question: "Have you ever contemplated separation or divorce in connection with your own marriage?" two thirds of Canadian married women

said *never*; only a quarter said *occasionally* and only one out of every 100 said *often*.

And the men? They put an even more steady hand to the rudder. Three fourths said *never*; a little over a fifth said *occasionally* and only one out of every 100 said *often*.

This is the cheery news of the great majority of Canadians who appear to be satisfied to see it through with the same marriage partner until the Undertaker Cometh.

The Child That Blinds

Of those small groups (a quarter of the women and a fifth of the men) who occasionally cast sheep's eyes at the idea of separation, what are their reasons for not following through?

In lining up their respective answers for comparison, we found that the majority of both husbands and wives felt the biggest argument against divorce was "consideration of the children." Children arouse the greatest compassion and most parents end up by "routing any selfish or hysterical ideas."

From there on the reasoning of parents differs somewhat, the women moving into the emotional field and the men into the practical.

A few of our councilors gave what seemed to be a sound reason for sticking to a man, "But I loved him!"

Others "thought it over and decided to give myself more time."

Quite a number "knew I'd be miserable parted."

Some didn't want to bring "sorrow and disgrace to relatives," or "didn't want to admit failure to friends."

A few wives realized that "marriage has its ups and

s and the BOGEY

by Mary Jukes

downs and I was determined to make mine work." And there was the rather helpless confession of some who said, "There was no *real* reason for separation."

And last but not least the old discovery that "it was only temper or weariness."

The men on the other hand had more practical reasons for sticking. They felt that "problems can always be ironed out with a little patience, understanding and discussion."

"Divorce is not the answer."

"You can't run away from marriage problems."

A few admitted that "no other woman would make as good a home for me." Another suggested that there was "no better alternative."

A cynic of no mean stature said, "too much trouble breaking in a new wife."

Only one admitted that he "couldn't afford it—divorce is too expensive."

No one mentioned the difficulties of the legal aspect, which seems to write off the theory that the divorce rate in Canada would rise much more rapidly if it were not for the unpleasantness of having to establish adultery as a reason.

Eternal Cry for Security

Getting back to the strongest cement in the marriage tie—the children—we asked: "If a man and woman cannot get along, do you think it is better or worse for the children if the parents stick it out and keep the home together?"

Among both men and women large numbers were undecided, but only one sixth of the women and one fifth of the men felt it was "worse for the children" to hold the family together under difficult emotional pressures.

It's a debatable point. A group of sociologists and lawyers seeking to liberalize divorce laws in England said recently through their chairman, "Sometimes the harm to children can be greater when parents are at loggerheads than if divorce ensues."

But among Canadians who felt it was better to keep the home together—half the men and over two fifths of the women—their principal reason was, in essence, "Children need both parents for well-balanced development."

Others felt that "one of the greatest needs in childhood is for security," and "children don't like to be considered 'different.'"

A conviction frequently mentioned by both husband and wife was that "as one gets older, values change, little irritations have less importance."

Another large number thought that "when a man and woman assume the responsibility of marriage and children, they should see it through, at least until the children are old enough to leave home."

Individual reasons given were, "children should not be asked to choose between parents."

"Children bring a certain degree of happiness to both parents even if the parents are not compatible."

"Children without a proper home drift around and become discontented with everything and everybody."

"Children will respect their parents for trying."

Of those who felt that it was *worse* for the children to hold the home together with unhappy parents—one sixth of the women and one fifth of the men—their reasons were pretty much the same:

"Eternal bickerings have bad effect on the children, particularly on their nerves."

"Children may be spoiled by each parent trying to win them for him or herself."

"Children may be more content with one happy parent than with two unhappy squabbling parents."

Those who were undecided, both men and women, felt that "in such a situation so much depends on circumstances," or, "on the parents," or "on the kind of children—how much they would be affected."

The Worm in Eve's Apple

Chatelaine's ballot on marriage and divorce was the result of some provoking statements made by an eminent Mayo Clinic diagnostician, Dr. Walter Alvarez. Among Dr. Alvarez' contentions is that much failure in marriage can be traced directly to a first cause—women who are not really in love when they marry. They marry, he feels, for other reasons: because they've been asked; because other people expect them to marry; because they're in love with love; + Continued on inside back cover



Reprieve

by Mildred Foulke Meese

IT WAS time to count 10 again.

Mrs. Pelham dug into the potato she was peeling with unnecessary vigor, sending a thick slice into the sink along with other peels which were entirely too thick, considering the cost of food. Below the slightly greying hair, her pleasant middle-aged face was determined.

"One, two, three," she said to herself again, jabbing once more. She did not get to 10. She never did get to 10, somehow. They always were there first.

Ghastly cavernous voices filled her house. "One, two, three, test," said one voice, partly bass, partly treble. That was 14-year-old Hartley, whose chief sorrow in life was that his voice had not yet completely changed. Violent jumps took 16-year-old Johnny down the stairs and into the living room. "One, two, three, test, hello, test!" he roared back into the microphone there. The communicators in every room of the house lived up to their name. The one on Mrs. Pelham's kitchen shelf bellowed back in a bass which would have rivaled Chaliapin at his best. "One, two, three, test, hello, test!" it yowled at her in triumph.

Mrs. Pelham gave up and covered her ears. She would not, she would *not* ask them to stop it. "Better this than out stealing cars or something," she reminded herself sternly. She must not let it get her down. At the lecture last night the child psychologist had said, "Be sure you know what your children are doing and where they are doing it." Her husband had leaned over and whispered with some ruefulness, "We know where ours are doing it, not to mention the offspring of half the rest of the county to boot!" "Shush!" Mrs. Pelham had said, not permitting herself so much as a lifted eyebrow.

But it was true. From morning to night, except for the hours when school demanded their presence, the house was full of boys, lanky long-legged high-school boys and their interminable experiments. If they weren't capering about on the roof, adding

to their maze of aials and endangering life and limb and her heart action, they were drilling holes and stringing mysterious wires in unexpected places. Not a conversation in the house was safe from their candid recording machines; no stolen moments of afternoon nap uninterrupted by the sharp staccato of transmitting in code or the bellowing of the everlasting *one, two, three, test!* of the communicating system which was one of their devices. One day she would rise and shout back into the speaker, she knew it in her bones. But not tonight. She *must* keep Jonathon in a good humor at all costs until she had told him. It would be difficult enough at best.

SHE HAD TAKEN pains with the dinner. There was everything that Jonathon liked. Roast beef—prime ribs and-who-cares-about-the-cost; fluffy mashed potatoes; broccoli with Hollandaise sauce, as-if-butter-were-not-for-the-overprivileged; green salad dotted with blue cheese; a cherry cobbler. Later, as she looked around the table, she breathed a sigh of relief. Everything was going well and there hadn't been an argument among the young for three minutes by the clock.

Emery, her husband, was in high good humor, having only that day signed a contract to supply Medford Arms with coal. Twelve-year-old Anita was out of her everlasting dungarees and into a sweater and skirt, being demure and quiet for the benefit of the usual teen-age electronic-minded guests. Hartley, his hands washed even if his hair was mildly reminiscent of a last year's bird nest, was eating his salad without being told to do so. The two gangling guests were stowing it away with skill. Jonathon was plowing through his third helping of roast beef as if it were hamburg.

Now was the time. Too bad in a way to have to do it in front of guests but maybe, after all, that would help.

She darted a glance at Jonathon. His 16-year-old face, not at the moment the face of +

Continued on page 39

In the life of every boy there comes a time

when he's old enough to fall in love . . . young enough

to feel a hurt which may leave lasting scars

Illustrated by

Woods



Conclusion

Melody Unheard

by Frances Shelley Wees

THE WATER splashed by in the brook. A little wind came up and ruffled the willow branches at the edge of the water. An old leaf from last year dropped off the locust tree upstream, and came sailing down, yellow and streaked and tough.

Zack said, "I see."

"I always have been in love with Arthur," Isabel went on unhappily. "Since the minute I saw him. I always will be. It took me quite a while to realize it. But it's true."

He nodded. He sat with his hands locked around his knees, his eyes fixed on the hills across the brook. His face thinned and firmed. "I see," he said again. Then, "You mean . . . he doesn't love you. That just doesn't make sense. He'd have to love you."

"He didn't marry me for love. He married me to help me get my training. And . . . to have a kind of tame pianist around the house. And someone he could talk to about music. We never talk about anything else. We never have. He doesn't know I love him. Music is the whole basis of our . . . our marriage."

"But," Zack said more incredulously, "it just doesn't make sense. The man isn't blind or deaf or dumb. People say he's smart. He doesn't look easy, but he looks smart." He looked at her again, sharply. "You *sure* he isn't in love with you?"

"Positively. He's never said so. Once he—" she stopped. "But he didn't intend to love me. We didn't marry on the ordinary basis. He married me to help me as a musician. Now he's satisfied about that. So—very soon now I suppose we won't even pretend to be married. Except that—" she stopped.

After a long time Zack got up without saying anything. He brought the picnic basket over and set it down on the edge of the rug. He opened it and took out a thermos bottle and the cups. He spread a small white cloth clumsily at the edge of the blanket and set out a paper-wrapped package of sandwiches, a wedge of yellow cheese and some apples. Then, "You've got quite a problem on your hands."

"I don't know how to handle it. I'm not being very good. I'm getting shrewish and discontented. And I haven't any music inside me to play from. I can't hear any. It isn't the way it used to be. I feel dead inside."

"Why do you love him?"

"I don't know. Plenty of times I think I'm crazy. He's so icily critical . . . so absolutely demanding about my work. He hurts me over and over . . . he won't stand for the slightest weakness in me. He insists on discipline, self-control, strength—never any relaxation, never any personal warmth . . ."

"Is that only about your work?"

"There's nothing else between us. I do nothing in that house but act as his musical companion. I . . . I think I'm pretty lonely," she said and then laughed. "That's a very childish remark. Everybody's lonely."

"He looks like a lonely guy himself, you know. What would happen if you went away from him?"

"I've thought about that too. I don't know. I'd hate to think of him in that empty house. As for me, I don't think I'd be much

good. I want to—I want to warm him and comfort him and make him happy. I could if he'd let me. He's terribly alone."

Zack filled her coffee cup. "You know what I think?"

"What?"

"Didn't you tell him back at the beginning that all you cared about was music? You said he knew how important it was for him to help you get started, and it doesn't look as if he thought he could do it the regular way—but good lord, he needn't have married you to help you! You'd have taken a scholarship he'd dug up, or pretended to dig up, if he'd wanted to do it that way. He needn't have married you. But he did marry you because he couldn't let you go away from him. I know how he must have felt," Zack said, and touched her cheek lightly. "But he's sticking to his bargain . . . and I'll bet it's taken a good deal of will power to do it. He's stuck to the bargain and in a couple of weeks now you'll have got exactly what you said you wanted in the first place . . . the whole thing. And he'll have made sure of it for you, but still have left you free of him—if you want to be free."

Isabel sat looking at him. The coffee cup in her hand began to shake. She set it down quickly on the grass.

Zack said gently, "It couldn't be anything else. He must love you very much," and he got up to move away down the stream, his back to her, sauntering along with his hands in his pockets, watching the water.

EVER SINCE Grey's wire that Isabel had agreed to do the request concert, Arthur had been impatient to return home. Now, as his taxi stopped in the street, he listened for the sound of the piano, but he could not hear it. He went up the front walk in two steps and put his key into the door. He let himself in and almost called Isabel's name as he stepped into the hall—like a boy, eager for home and the woman he loved. He restrained + *Continued on page 18*



The story: Two men fell in love with Isabel Gay the night of her debut as a concert pianist: Zachary Jones, artist, whose talent has been shrewdly appraised by his fiancée, Cleo Matthews; Arthur Somerville, critic, who holds a one-man monopoly on the city's musical life. His review of Isabel's performance, " . . . promising but undisciplined; requiring intensive training," ends her hopes of a concert career. Some weeks later Somerville seeks her out and asks her to marry him—as the solution to her musical future. On this basis she agrees, and for the following two years lives dedicated to music and study.

She becomes increasingly unhappy married to a man who regards her solely as a musician. At a party Isabel finally meets Zachary Jones, who has never forgotten the night of her debut. He finds he is still in love with her, and, realizing she is unhappy, asks to see her again. The following week, while Somerville is out of town, they meet frequently, to the consternation of Elfrida, Somerville's sister and housekeeper. On a picnic one day Zachary asks Isabel if there is any hope for him, as she is apparently not in love with her husband. To which she is forced to admit sadly, "But that's just it . . . I am."



Illustrated by George Engert

Everything she wanted was hers . . . if only the man
she loved would find, in her music, the hidden melody she played for him alone

It's Never Too Late To Look Lovelier

Readers Louise Rae takes a moment off from judging stories sent in by hopeful free-lance writers to *Chatelaine*. It's her part-time task to sift through stacks of mss., help select the fiction you enjoy in our pages. As well, Louise is a busy homemaker, wife of University of Toronto's Dr. J. J. Rae. A perfect example, we believe, of an attractive matron of the times!



EVER STUDY a group of women who have reached the middle years of life? It's interesting to see how they cope with the forties and fifties. Likely you'll spot one who feels middle age is middle age, and nothing can be done about it. No make-up, a dry, rough skin, listless hair combed any-which-way are admissions that she's willing to be laid on the shelf. And you may meet her opposite, attempting to recapture 20 again with thick rouge and too much lipstick.

But there's always the other matron—the one we all secretly hope to be—with fresh, cared-for skin, make-up that is vastly becoming, a shining head of hair smartly styled. Obviously, a woman who knows how to handle her age.

If you are past 45, are you making the most of yourself? Check your grooming plan, to see that it is keeping pace with the subtle and inevitable changes in your face, your hair, your figure. If you are younger, plan right now for an attractive future.

How's your figure? Slim or spreading? Flat in bed, stretch up with arms, down with legs. Pull both ends against the middle. Stretch and relax, three times. Then bicycle your legs in the air

for a minute. Keep your body lithe and supple through a diet approved by your doctor, through good posture and selected exercises. Don't lose your trim figure, and you'll never have to win it back.

What are your feet like? Do they tire quickly, cause you aches and frowns? Standing, swing up on your toes, back on your heels in perfect posture and perfect rhythm. Lie down for half an hour with your feet propped higher than your head. Try hot and cold foot plunges, a minute in each for ten minutes. Use medicated pads on corns and calluses, at night rub the spots gently with pumice. Then check your shoes!

Is your hair attractive? If your hairline has slipped back slightly, a scalp pomade may help. Keep your scalp healthy by frequent brushing and firm massage. Treat yourself to a trio of hot reconditioning-oil shampoos.

Premature greyness is on the increase among women of civilized countries. If you have grey patches, try a hair pencil or a cream touchup that is blended on the hair with a brush. If your hair is white, with a tendency to be yellow, it's likely your system is over-acid. A change in diet will correct + *Continued on inside back cover*

You can expect to live 18 years longer than women of fifty years ago. Here's how to make those bonus years your most attractive

by Eileen Morris Beauty Editor



By 45, the back of your head should be all shape, no floaty curls and wispy tendrils. Elaborate waves and tight curls are ageing, so keep your style softly simple. A properly shaped bang can be flattering.



Properly fitted glasses will guard against squint lines and frown lines. Pick a frame that is pretty, gay, dramatic. Keep your brows smooth and free of powder with a dry brush. Touch a little cream to your eyelids for sparkle. Avoid hats that tilt forward, or any loaded with bric-a-brac. Balance your specs with a smile.



Too many homemakers scuff round all day in bedroom slippers or last year's dress shoes. For trouble-free feet wear a perfectly fitted, closed shoe with moderate-height heel for day . . . then for a few hours in the evening you may wear as frivolous a bit of bootery as you wish.

Motion Against Time. Whether your skin is young or mature, it needs basic, intelligent care. And the motions you use when applying your cream, lotion, and astringent can do a **lot to keep** contours firm. A slapdash swipe at your face with a gob of cream is time wasted; instead, practice quick, light strokes in up-and-out motions. To begin, wash your face and neck. Protect your hair with a band of gauze. Smooth cream between palms, relax and forget your woes while you refresh your skin.



To Begin: "Bracelet" cream from base of the throat to jaw. With back of hand slap smartly under chin. For the back of the neck begin in the centre at hairline. Glide both hands downward, using firm pressure at the base of neck; then swing out on shoulder muscles and complete circle by sliding up on each side of neck.

Place two middle fingers at point of chin, draw them lightly across lower cheek and in toward nose. Out again and up to temple in a lifting, gentle motion. Work across those nose-to-mouth lines in short strokes. Puff out mouth and cheek, and pat lightly over puffness.

Using tip of middle finger circle each eye with a feather-light touch out over upper lid, in underneath. Smooth up bridge of nose, and stroke upward to hairline across forehead. Always work in the opposite direction to which lines form.



Jud possessed her completely. But what chance had she
of happiness when he withheld himself?
When there was no matched and equal giving between them?

Unstable as the Wind

by Mildred Lynn Greenwald

STILL MOONIN' over that Jud Howe, ain't you, Allie?" demanded Ma abruptly, holding the red-checkered supper cloth against her flat chest and staring, her eyes as baleful as tiny cannon balls. Allie's breath had caught at the question. You could worry words around in your own mind, but when someone else trapped them down with sound and expression it was different. Words then no longer were vague and nebulous forms in a fog but became harsh and clear-cut pictures. And they splintered your heart anew. Yet they shouldn't. Your heart should have grown accustomed to the ache by now. But her mother was still staring at her, daring a denial of her sharp accusation.

Deny the words with her cheeks as warm as if hit by an August sun? Allie knew better than that. "Perhaps," she conceded in a low voice, putting the last of the supper dishes in the kitchen cupboard. She hoped her mother would let the subject drop.

Her mother didn't. "Jud Howe. As unstable as the wind. You ought to be thankful you've seen the last of him. I certainly am."

Allie walked blindly toward her jacket hanging on a wall peg next to her father's coat. Ma, wound up taut like a top, was going to spin out her feelings at last and she couldn't take it, she thought numbly. She slipped into her jacket, avoiding her mother's eyes as she did.

"Lan' sakes," her mother went on fiercely, "I never thought I'd see the day when my daughter'd turn out to be such a nitwit, moonin' over the likes of that one. At least he had the sense to move on and out of your life. Fergit him, Allie. Catch yourself a decent feller this time and git married. You're 21. It's time—"

The only answer to that had been the hammering pain in her heart and that she couldn't confide to her mother so she went out silently, closing the door behind her.

She was glad twilight still wrapped the town. The river at this hour would be a tinsely ribbon winding in and around the foot of the hills. The hill she headed for would be restful and silent. It might share its mood with her, she thought unsteadily. The tumult trembling in her like bottled wine began to lessen as she walked.

She rounded the corner at Steuben Street, continued by the old wooden station where the trains rushed past most of the time, and crossed the tracks that paced the river's edge. Now the hill rose sharply and Allie gave her attention to the climb, picking her steps

carefully, pulling her skirt free from the low bushes where it occasionally caught. At last she reached the top flat level and she dropped onto a mound. She heard the September wind sing through the couch grass and sweet flag. Her eyes took in the scene: the lazy river with the setting sun raining rose-tinted gold over it and the small town, a copy of Holsport, that huddled on the opposite shore and climbed toward another hill.

It was a pretty sight, she thought, with her plaid-covered knees hunched up and her elbows resting on her knees and her rounded chin cupped on her crossed arms. Or it was if you gazed beyond the web of railroad tracks that bordered the river and fixed your eyes on the river and the shining coal barges that crawled along it.

Then, as if she had wasted too much thought on trivia her mind hurried back to the refrain of Jud. "Oh, Jud, Jud," she felt like shouting in desperation to the four winds, as though Jud would hear and give heed. Her good sense told her he wouldn't, not that her voice wouldn't carry that far, to wherever Jud was, but that Jud had closed his ears to her voice. Because he was unstable? Her lovely mouth twisted with pain at the question. But he was, exactly as her mother had so scornfully phrased the words. Her mother didn't know, though, that Jud realized it himself.

Her heart always plummeted into her shoes when he'd say it. It sounded so weak and mealy-mouthed, coming from a strapping fellow like Jud. It might have been that Jud himself despised the weakness for after he'd said it he'd snatch her into his arms and press his hard mouth against hers until it hurt and bruised.

SHE COULD understand her mother's resentment of Jud, Allie reflected soberly. Two years she'd gone with Jud. If you could call it going with him, she winced: Monday and Thursday evenings and Sunday afternoons when she waited around and Jud didn't show up if he got stuck with a job at the garage, or just didn't want to. He wasn't much of a hand for an explanation later on as to why he hadn't put in an appearance.

"I'm here now, ain't I?" he'd grin. His eyes were stubborn though.

Even their dates, she thought, were as indefinite as the future he never would talk about. But then Jud didn't talk of the past either. No one knew where he came from. He just appeared in the town one day, hopping off the back of a truck, ambled into Ted Salter's garage and got himself a job.

"He's slick as butter with a motor," gaunt old Ted Salter told her father. "He don't give me no references and I don't ask fer none. I know a good mechanic when I see one and that's enough fer me. We'll jest watch out he don't rob the post office, eh, Cully?" Ted added jovially, her father had reported.

It was one of the things her + Continued on page 25

The silly grin riding across his mouth suddenly changed, as Allie's hand whipped out and struck his cheek. Herbie stood transfixed. "Why you ornery little tramp . . ."

Illustrated by Jack Keay

SEW AND SAVE

Fashion

Is What You Make It

by **Mildred Spicer**, Fashion Editor

BEGIN WITH AN IDEA . . . It may be a dress you saw in a fashion show, on a friend, or in a picture. Ours was inspired by the 1950 trend back to the slip dresses of 1920, worn with matching jackets or redingotes. We took our idea to the pattern department and found a design that suited. Then, visualizing it made up, we saw it worn for evening with the longest earrings and shortest gloves . . . for afternoon the redingote and dress are a pretty combination. It's an ideal ensemble for the business girl who wants a covered-up look to comply with office etiquette, and a bare festive-looking dress for evening. Picture the same dress worn for spring with a waist-length jacket lined to match. Our print is paddy green, coral and white on a warm grey background. We matched the paddy in the sheer wool redingote. The effect is enchanting, and . . . only \$15. Yet it looks suspiciously like \$50.

LOOK AT THE VARIETY OF PRINTS! Spring has come to the fabric departments! There's color blooming on every counter. Many of the backgrounds are lighter. Fabrics have a stiffer feeling in hand. Taffetas are lighter, printed in jewel colors. Nylon takes on floral and conversational prints. Pure silk and rayon crepes look delicate and Chinesy in monotone prints. Very often it's black etched on a color. Conversational prints are delightful . . . picture postcards, animals and spatter spots are a few of the interesting designs. Persian-looking prints combine soft mellow colors like pale blue, cocoa and black. Sheer, soft-in-hand wools are the right accent to many of these prints since nearly every dress takes a jacket or redingote this year. As the silhouette simplifies, styling loses its extremes; patterns are easier to work with and fabric assumes a decorative role. It all adds up. (Your friends won't believe you when you say, "I made it myself.")



The couturier look — for only \$15! Dress and redingote styled by Simplicity, pattern No. 2818. The dress is our cover print, Gordon MacKay's rayon crepe to be bought in any piece-goods department for less than \$2 a yard. The coat is Gordon MacKay's Chesterlaine, sheer wool at under \$3 a yard.

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MY FAMILY
AGREE..."



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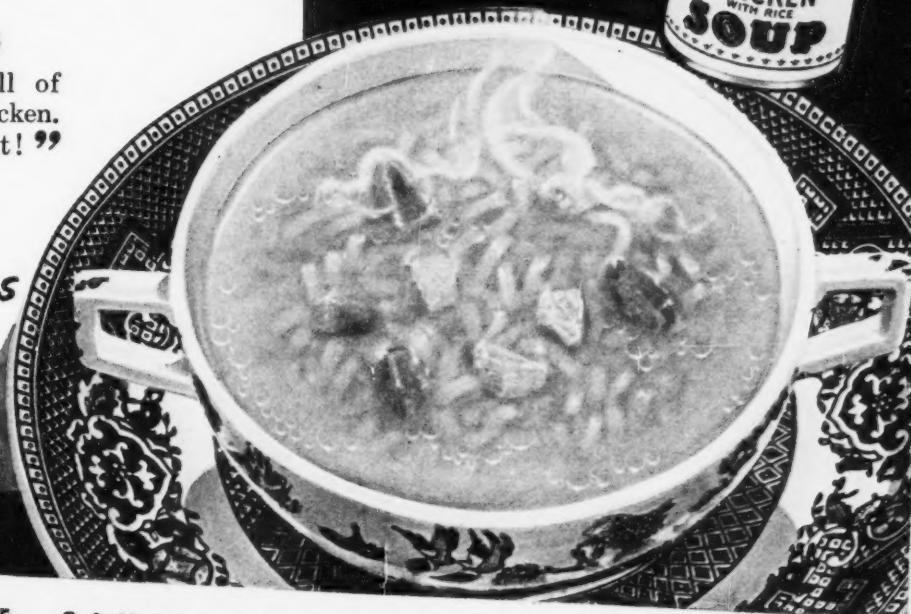
CHICKEN

-tender pieces



"My two hungry
youngsters go for all those
tender pieces of chicken!"

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Melody Unheard

Continued from page 10

himself, dropped his bag, and went into the living room.

She was not there. The room was empty.

He went up the stairs quickly and tapped at her bedroom door, but no one answered. He opened the door, and she was not there.

He was turning away from the door when, across the hall, Elfrida's door opened and she stood looking at him in surprise. "Why, Arthur!" she said. "I thought your train came in late tonight! What a wonderful surprise!"

"I caught an earlier one. Is . . . everything all right? Where is Isabel?"

Elfrida caught at the folds of her long blue housecoat and straightened it. She lifted her eyebrows slightly. She said, "You must remember that we did not expect you."

"But where is she? Shopping?"

Elfrida came out of her room and shut the door. She said, "I suppose we may as well have this out right now, Arthur. There's no time like the present when one has an unpleasant duty to perform. Shall we go into your study? I want to talk to you."

"What has happened to Isabel?"

"Nothing," she said maddeningly, and preceded him into his study. She waited until he followed her, shut the door firmly, and sat down stiffly on one of the narrow Jacobean chairs just inside the door. "Nothing," she said. "Elfrida . . ."

"Just a minute, don't get upset. Why, Arthur, it isn't like you to be upset! How odd. It's just what I was afraid of," she said.

He compressed his lips and sat down in the leather armchair facing her.

"Elfrida, I want to know where Isabel is and I want to know immediately."

She looked up, injured. "Why, Arthur, I was just trying to break it easily. She's out with . . . she's with that man. She's been with him all week."

After a moment Arthur said, "All week? Isabel? What man?"

"There," Elfrida said. "I knew you didn't know anything about him. She said you did."

"What man?"

"That artist. Zachary Jones. He came to tea on Sunday."

"What do you mean she's been with him all week?"

"Oh, just what I say. On Sunday he came to tea and on Monday—in spite of what I'd said to Isabel about her conduct, they went off together and were gone for the whole day. And I must tell you that Isabel came back looking quite, quite different from anyone you've ever known her to be, Arthur . . . all flushed and happy-looking, and much younger than she's looked lately . . . and that night she began to work at the piano again and she played until

nearly midnight, a kind of playing I've never heard her do . . . free and sort of triumphant. I don't know what you'll make of that."

"Go on."

"Well, the rest is just the same. On Wednesday she went out to dinner with him and on Thursday he came and got her in the afternoon and she didn't tell me where they were going, but someone rang up here from the Auditorium later and said Mrs. Somerville had left her gloves so I suppose she was there; and Friday, that's yesterday, she went to lunch with him and he came for her this morning again. She hasn't told me once where they go, or what they do," Elfrida said. "But when she's at home she practices like mad and is quite, quite a different person, Arthur."

ARTHUR SAT, looking at her, not moving, not thinking; only cold, frozen cold, and with blackness crowding him everywhere.

"I knew you wouldn't like it," Elfrida said with satisfaction. "I kept telling her so. Over and over, I told her so."

Sea-Bred

by EILEEN CAMERON HENRY

I have gone inland from the sea,
And far behind the low waves ran
In swift pursuit of me.

The tide seemed fuller than before,
And caught my foot in treacherous
ebb

Along a phantom shore.

The wind tore sky and hill apart,
Till storm-tossed grasses flowed like
surf

To crash against my heart.

I have gone inland, turned my face
To earth unbroken by a wave —
And drowned in such a place.

I told her how much you'd done for her, bringing her here, giving her a wonderful home with no responsibilities. And I told her how much money you had spent on her teaching . . . I think that shocked her, and perhaps I shouldn't even have known myself, except that of course I keep the housekeeping bills and I opened one or two of yours by mistake, so I knew."

"You told her those things? You talked to her like that?"

"Arthur, don't look at me like that."

Of course I did. And I told her, too, that she'd never been anything like a wife to you in any way, not since the beginning . . . not the least bit like a wife. I've never seen her show any affection for you as a young wife should, especially when her husband is doing so much for her. I've never seen her do anything but think of herself and her music and live in a kind of dream, with you doing everything for her and supporting her."

"Suppose that's what I wanted and planned?"

"Arthur, I think it's shameful for this girl to take advantage of you, and the very minute your back is turned she goes off with another man," Elfrida insisted. "I don't like to be too harsh on her, dear, but I am quite convinced that she has fallen in love with him. She shows every sign of being in love."

Arthur lifted his hands and looked at them unseeing.

"It was she who broke the crystal cat," Elfrida said bitterly, and blew her nose loudly. "She broke it and told Joseph not to mention it. Because it would make you unhappy, she said. What nonsense."

After a long time Arthur said, "When did she break the cat?"

"Oh, days and days ago. Joseph thinks it was the night you had Mr.

Grey here. You remember I was out. And she was terribly upset that night."

"She broke the cat and was afraid to tell me."

"Afraid? Why, Arthur, how could anyone be afraid of you? You'd have been disappointed, but you wouldn't have said anything. I might have scolded a little because those cats were treasures, but you've been the soul of consideration with her always. I've told her so, over and over. Whenever anything happened, I've told her so."

"Have you done a good deal of talking to her?"

"Well, no, Arthur. Not nearly as much as I've been tempted to. I can't begin to tell you how many times I've seen you go up to your study, tired and with that lonely look of yours, and felt like giving her a good scolding for taking so much out of you. For taking all your time and attention, for really being a parasite around here. But it's only lately, when you've really been looking quite dreadful, that I've said much at all."

"And how does she answer you?"

"She doesn't answer. That's just it. It's unnatural in a girl her age not to answer. I decided a long time ago that she'd just made up her mind to keep still, take everything she could, and then when she was ready—as apparently you think she is now—she could just go into her own life."

Arthur got up. His hands were shaking. He went to his big desk and sat down beside it. He pushed the tall lamp to one side and sat looking across the desk at the woman sitting there so righteously.

"Elfrida, did it not occur to you that I have known, or without your interference would have known, what I was doing?"

"Without my interference?"

"I didn't want Isabel to do anything but her music. She has a very great gift. When I married her I knew what I was doing; I was keeping her, protecting her, building her, shutting the world away from her. Apparently this has gone on too long, because she is, after all, human; but I don't think the time would have been too long if you had kept silence. I thought you had some judgment. Apparently I have been mistaken."

"Arthur . . . Arthur . . . are you talking this way to me? When I've given you every thought, every loyalty, every moment of my time for twenty years?"

He put his head in his hand. "It's the story that's been written a thousand times," he said, "and I should have taken it into account. I thought it unnecessary. Elfrida, I'm sorry, but I think you are tired and overwrought and need a rest from all these trying duties and problems. I will call now and make reservations for you and I think you had better leave at once."

"Arthur, what are you saying?"

"Just that I am not going to have Isabel subjected to the sort of thing you've been saying—and doubtless looking—at her. She is much too important. If she is to do this concert she must not be unhappy or upset. It means everything to her to do well, everything. It means a great deal to the world, whether you can understand that or not. I'm sorry, but that's final. You will go and get ready at once."

There were tears, recriminations,

threats, harsh words from her in a torrent; but when he did not answer, and went on sitting with his hands over his face, not looking at her, she began to pull herself together. Her final remark, made rather majestically, was, "You have not given me an opportunity to discuss the servants with you. I think you will find yourself in difficulties there." Then the door closed behind her and he was alone.

He did the necessary telephoning,

always listening for Isabel, determined that if she came in Elfrida should not speak to her. She did not come in. The afternoon wore on, and the April dusk began to fall, and still she did not come. At five o'clock Elfrida's taxi arrived and Arthur tapped on her door. She emerged in silence, dressed and ready, and went down the stairs with her head up. Arthur rang for Joseph, who went upstairs unbelievably and brought down Elfrida's bags. He carried

them out to the taxi and came back, following Arthur. He shut the door.

"Joseph, Mrs. Woods will not be returning. Not for some time, anyway. Can you and Arni carry on without her?"

Joseph looked at him with bewilderment, concern, anxiety. He made an unservantlike Slavic gesture. He said, "Arni and I, sir, we are to go. Mrs. Woods did not tell you?"

"She mentioned something. Why are you going?"



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"Because, Arni, she is to have a baby." Joseph drew himself up. "We are proud to have a baby, sir. But this iss no house for babies."

"Who said that?"

Joseph shrugged. "One knows. Mrs. Woods, she said so, very loud. But even Mrs. Somerville, sir, she say so too."

Arthur got out his cigarettes. "You talked this over with her?"

Joseph said gently, "She saw something was wrong. To us she came and asked, and we told. Arni and I—we had dreams to stay. This is home, we came here the day after we married, Mr. Somerville. It was a dream. It iss a house for music, sir, but no babies."

"Mrs. Somerville made that clear?"

"Oh, no, sir. Mrs. Somerville, she looks very warm when we tell her of the baby. She looks maybe as if a baby would be nice to keep. But then she looks sad when I say it iss no house for babies, and says yes, that is true."

Arthur leaned his long body against the door, a shoulder set against the panel. He said, "Aren't there a couple of rooms up on the third floor not being used?"

Joseph looked at him and waited. The man's hands were clenched tight.

"I don't think we could have too much confusion, if Mrs. Somerville or myself were working, but surely that can be avoided. Get the carpenters in and have those rooms fixed, if they need anything done, Joseph, and get a maid to help Arni. Will that do it?"

After a long time Joseph turned, wordless, and went to the kitchen. Arthur stood in the hall, not thinking; listening for the sound of quick footsteps on the path outside.

Arni came softly through the dining room and the living room and stood before him. Her round face shone as if it were made of light. Her eyes glistened. She said softly, "Joseph says . . . I must come and thank you. Sir, we did not know. We did not know you too are warm in the heart."

Arthur was sitting in the living room, with the dusk filling the room, when Isabel came at last. She ran up the steps and rang the bell, and in two steps Arthur was at the door. Out in the street a car drew away, and Isabel had turned her head to wave at the man driving it. She was smiling. She turned again to step inside, and saw him.

FOR A MOMENT her face was empty, startled; then she smiled again, such a smile as he had not seen since the early days of their marriage. "Oh, Arthur!" she said warmly. "You've come home!" She put a hand on his shoulder and he bent to kiss her cheek in the familiar way. Just for a second it seemed that her arm pressed him close, but of course that was imagination. He moved away. "I got an earlier train," he said. He looked at what she had in her hand—a paper cone filled with a few delicate-looking spring flowers. "Been in the country?" he asked.

"Yes, with Zack. He's got such a wonderful place, Arthur, with a brook and lots of trees. Did you have a good trip? Aren't you tired? You look . . . you look awfully tired."

He could see himself in her eyes, after Zack. Tired and probably old, and . . . not as if he were warm in the heart.

"I'm fine," he said. Then, "Grey told me about the concert. I'm delighted."

"Really?"

"What are you going to play?"

Her eyes searched his face. "I . . . you mind if I don't tell you? It's just because of—it's no reason at all, really. But I'd rather not."

"Perfectly all right. After all, it's your concert."

She started up the stairs. With her hand on the railing she said, "I suppose it's nearly dinner time. Is . . . Elfrida not at home either?"

"No, she's not even in town. She left this afternoon."

Isabel came back down two steps and her luminous eyes were fixed on his face. "Will she be gone a long time?"

"Probably. By the way, I think there was some difficulty with Joseph and Arni. It's all settled. Elfrida didn't understand very well and I think we can manage. Does it meet with your approval to have them stay?"

"You told them they could stay?"

"Yes."

"You know about the . . . baby?"

"Yes. I think they'll work things out quite well."

"And you told them to stay even with the baby?"

"Is that so remarkable?" he said lightly.

She reached forward suddenly and put a hand on each cheek. She bent down and kissed his eyes, a warm soft kiss on each eyelid. She said nothing. She turned quickly and ran upstairs.

MOLLIE SAID, "Stand still, Isabel. You're as wild as you ever were. I can't fasten this skirt if you don't stand still."

"I'm excited," Isabel said happily. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes shone. "I'm terribly excited," she said again, and laughed.

Keellor, hovering anxiously at the edge of the mirror, said, "Too excited, maybe. I never have seen you so before. You better calm down. Too much excitement is bad, like too much drinking. It goes to the fingers as well as the head."

"There," Mollie said, and got up. She looked at Isabel critically. "It looks beautiful, just as it did before," she said. "But I can't think why you'd want to wear this old dress when you've got such beautiful things now. Do you remember we hunted all over town for this and found it in the Annex basement for \$10.95, and had to wash it because it was so dirty? I didn't suppose you'd even have kept it."

"Well, I did keep it," Isabel reached up and took the pins out of her hair, swirled on top as it had been when she left home. She let the dark mass down, and the curls sprang into it. "There," she said. "I can't see an atom of difference."

"There is much difference," Keellor said gently. "Much, much difference." He sat down too, with his arms propped on the back of his chair. "Your husband, he was right," he said sorrowfully. "I have been a long time getting over that bad time before, but he was right. When I hear you now, my child, I know what he meant. I am an old man. I was an old man that time nearly thirty years ago. I have lost my exactness. I know now that he was right." He sighed. "I did you injustice," he said. "You were not ready."

"Keellor . . . what if I had been

ready? See how different my life would have been! Imagine where I should have been by now . . . anywhere . . . or nowhere. Perhaps I'd have failed in spite of being ready. I was terribly young. And," she stopped, "I shouldn't have been married to Arthur."

"That makes you glad, to be married to him?"

Isabel hesitated. That was a question she dared not answer yet; not until tonight was over. The last two weeks, since Elfrida had gone, had been so much happier. Elfrida had been more difficult for them all than they had realized. Even Arthur seemed happier without her, but changed, too. Of course, in a way she had seen little of him; she had worked a great deal here at the Auditorium. Arthur understood. What was a little odd, and new, was that he had not once asked to come with her to practice. Isabel could not imagine why he had not suggested it, except that she had once said that she wanted to decide for herself what she was to play. But the programs had been printed nearly 10 days ago, and he had said nothing, not even to mention that he realized what she was doing in repeating the work of her debut.

No, Arthur was changed, this last little while: thinner, different. More remote.

IT MIGHT be that since her outburst to Morrison Grey Arthur had realized that she must be allowed to live her own musical life. It might be that. It was true. She would always want him beside her, to turn to when she needed him, but he must no longer direct her constantly, shape and pattern and mold her and decide for her. It was as if at last, suddenly, she had been able to reach into the wellspring of her own being and use what was there, her own; certainly in the ways Arthur had taught her, but using her own self.

Perhaps Arthur understood this but was hurt. He looked hurt, in an odd, hidden, unspeaking way. He acted as if he were afraid to ask her any questions, to interfere in any way in her life. Tonight, for instance, when she had said she wanted to leave the house early, he had offered tentatively to drive her down, but when she refused he had said nothing. She had not wanted him to come because she did not want him to see her suitcase with the white dress in it. He was going to be in the audience expecting a tall woman in a red dress, with upswept hair, to move slowly onto the stage; what he was going to see was herself, Isabel, in the white dress in which he had first seen her, with her hair around her shoulders. It was important that he should see her so, and to see that she was saying to him: Arthur . . . if you listen to me you will see that I've done what you knew I could; but if you look at me you'll know I'm just as I was, the girl who needed you . . .

He had said politely, when she had refused his offer to bring her down, "May I come backstage and wish you luck before the concert?"

"Wish me luck now," Isabel had said. "But don't come backstage. Please, Arthur . . . not until the intermission."

He had nodded. "If that's what you'd like." Then "Good luck . . . God bless," and kissed her temple lightly.

Keellor was waiting for her answer. She was about to make a reply of sorts

when there was a tap at the door. Keellor got up to open it, and Zack was standing there. He came in. He didn't seem to see Keellor or Mollie. He came across the room to Isabel. He looked wretched. But he smiled, his own generous warm smile, and held out to her a red rose whose stem was twisted round with white ribbon. "Will you wear this for luck?" he said.

Isabel took it slowly. She said, "Something's happened?"

"Not a thing in the world. Will you wear my rose?"

She glanced down at herself. The rose would change her. That other Isabel had worn no roses. And yesterday Arthur had asked her what she would like to have for a corsage, or for her shoulder, and she had said, nothing.

But after all it was Arthur himself who had said that when she wore white she needed an accent of color, and who had given her the ruby bracelet.

She pinned the rose quickly on her left shoulder, low enough so that it would not touch her arm as it moved. "For luck," she said. "Thank you, Zack."

When he had gone Mollie said, "Isn't that Zachary Jones? Aren't he and Cleo Matthews being married next week?"

"Yes, but he's my friend, Mollie. He's been a wonderful friend." She stood up. "I'm ready," she said. She went to Keellor and stood before him

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"Last-minute instructions?" she enquired.

"I have nothing to say, my child. Nothing."

"Last time ... you told me ... 'keep the music safe.' Remember?"

"I remember."

"I have. I will. Always."

Someone opened the door. It was Mr. Caspar. He bowed. He said, "You have a packed house, Mrs. Somerville. Packed. I congratulate you."

"Is it time to go?"

"Just time. Is there anything you'd like?"

"Nothing," Isabel said, and walked along with Keellor and Mollie to the place where the passageway branched off to the stage. They would go on to the door beside the stage and emerge into the Auditorium so. Isabel remembered suddenly that Zack had probably come this way too, a minute or so ago. And if he had Arthur would have seen him. And if Arthur saw him, he would know that Zack had been with her.

She dismissed the whole thing from her mind. Later, tonight, when this was over, she would have a chance to tell Arthur everything. Because surely, when he saw her dressed like this, when he heard what it was she had to tell him in the music, he would come to her and say—

AS THE MOMENT drew toward the intermission Isabel's heart sang with the music. She had never been so happy. What Arthur had done was to free the music that was locked away, to give it that last purity of expression, to give it life through her; to help her cut away all her personal weaknesses so that they could not affect the magic and the meaning. It was not that he had wanted to kill her spirit, nothing like that; it was that he had wanted to make it free. She understood now. The pattern was clear—the pattern of Arthur's life was clear; his devotion to perfection, his determination to coldness when coldness was necessary, his control, his disciplines, his insistence on that last ounce of strength being used.

She finished the Chorale and stopped, as she had stopped in her debut. She looked around the audience, over the packed and glittering house, so different from that other sparse audience; and they were expectant, hushed, waiting. She looked down at last to where Arthur sat in his usual seat, at the end of the fifth row, and he had propped his chin on his hand and was motionless, his eyes on her. She smiled at him, the smile that she knew she could never give anyone else in the world; her heart was in it. Then without waiting for any response she turned and played the Beethoven.

When she was done the audience clapped until she was deafened. She gave them three encores, more and more impatient, anxious to get off the stage. Finally she turned with decision and walked firmly off and people began to move to go out to the foyer to smoke. She hurried back to the little dressing room first, off the sitting room, and smoothed her hair a little. She settled the soft folds of the white dress. She stood waiting, one hand clasped in the other, waiting for the door to open. She had told Mollie and Keellor that they must not come back; it was only Arthur she wanted to see.

He did not come.

After a little while, a few minutes, Isabel sat down slowly. The old unhappy place in her breast began to hurt again. All the peace, the security, that had come with Zack's help in these last days were gone. She was alone.

He did not come.

At the end of 15 minutes, when the electric clock over the door touched the half-hour, Mr. Caspar came back again. He said something to her, but she never knew what it was. She did not answer. She walked on the stage steadily, disciplined and quiet, and sat down at the piano to play. She was in no hurry now; because Arthur was not even in the audience. He had left at the intermission, just as he left all the concerts; and right now he would be down at the newspaper office, writing his criticism of her work. It would appear in the paper tomorrow morning.

Flowers began to pour on to the stage, baskets and bouquets of them. There would be plenty of flowers now, not only for Isabel Somerville but for Isabel Gay, if ever she were Isabel Gay again. It would be true always, for the rest of her life, but it wasn't going to matter very much. Or it didn't seem so now.

When the usher brought the huge bouquet of white roses, Isabel's heart lifted faintly. She took them at once, and her fingers explored the inside of the wide ribbon that bound their stems, even as she bowed for the fiftieth time. But there was no envelope inside the ribbon, no note anywhere; so that all she knew was that he had remembered to send her the same flowers as he had sent before, and that was all. Probably he left a standing order for white roses for all concert artists. Probably he did.

SHE GOT OFF the stage while the crowd was still cheering, the white roses still in her arms, and raced along the passage to the sitting room. When she opened the door, Zack was there, sitting with his head bowed in his hands. He got up.

Isabel reached inside the dressing room door and got her cape. "Zack, take me away from here," she said urgently. "Take me away quick. Please."

He glanced at her face, took the cape from her hands, flung it round her and then with an arm behind her got her through the other door and out to the private elevator behind the Auditorium. They were taken down swiftly, and the crowd had not begun to come out yet; so that Zack had her tucked in his car and was out of the huge parking lot before anyone else appeared.

He drove in silence up the avenue and around a corner to a dark side street. He stopped the car.

"So what is it, then?" he said.

The thorns of the roses pricked Isabel's fingers. She knew, but she paid no attention.

"We were all wrong," she said steadily.

"How?"

"He didn't come back at intermission. He ... he went away instead."

Zack leaned back behind the wheel. He got out his cigarettes and lit one. The gold box gleamed in the dim, murky street light.

"What do you make of that?"

"It's quite clear, Zack. He doesn't like me wearing my old dress. He doesn't approve. He—he was shut out of the

whole thing and he couldn't bear it. We were quite wrong about him. It isn't me he cares about. He doesn't want me. He never did."

After a while Zack said, "I still don't believe that. I wish it was true. Because you'd come with me now, wouldn't you?"

"No, I couldn't. Zack, you and I don't need each other. Don't you know that?"

"No I don't know that. I need you."

"No, you don't. Not really. You probably need Cleo and always have, and that's why you've stayed with her. And I need Arthur. Cleo needs you and knows it and always has; but the trouble is Arthur doesn't need me."

"I need you," Zack said stubbornly.

"Together we wouldn't be right, Zack. We'd never have anything to live up to all the time, a critical spirit that demanded the best we've got always—maybe better than we've got. I think you're letting Cleo do too much managing, but that's a thing you can control. I don't think Arthur has done too much so far, but I wouldn't let him go on..." she said, and stopped.

He put his arm around her. He turned and looked down into her face. He put a hand against her cheek and bent and kissed her. It was a long kiss, slow and thoughtful. At the end he straightened. He said, "I guess you're right about you. But you're wrong about me." He put his foot on the starter. "Where do you want to go?"

"I'll go home. It will be all right. I'll... I'll tell Arthur tomorrow that I want to go on with the Concert Bureau's plans, and I'll work toward that. It's all simple enough. It's what I always wanted to do anyway, and now I can

do it—thanks to him—and I never thought much about men anyway, just music. So I'll get adjusted and everything will work out. I understand about things pretty well, about how to keep your emotions in check and put everything into the music. I suppose..."

"You suppose what?"

"I suppose I offended him tonight and made him think that I'd forgotten all he'd taught me, or was deliberately casting his teaching into his face... turning myself into Isabel Gay again, when all he ever thought of was how little he could tolerate her intruding into his perfect world... she had too much talent to waste, I suppose, and so he felt he had to take her and make her into something worthy... and he tried hard, and then see what happened."

"People thought you were wonderful tonight. They were all full of bubbles, like champagne."

"Well, he wasn't," Isabel said evenly. "I'll have to go home, Zack."

She went up the steps wearily and did not ring because Joseph was waiting for her there. He said quickly, "Congratulations, Mrs. Somerville. The telephone, it rings over and over, and all say the same. Congratulations."

"Thank you, Joseph," Isabel said composedly. "Will you put these in water for me? And I think I'll go directly to bed. I'm terribly tired. When Mr. Somerville comes in, please tell him I've gone to bed. I don't want to talk to anyone until morning."

"Mr. Somerville is in."

"In?" Isabel stared at him. "Already?"

"He came home at 10 o'clock, Mrs.



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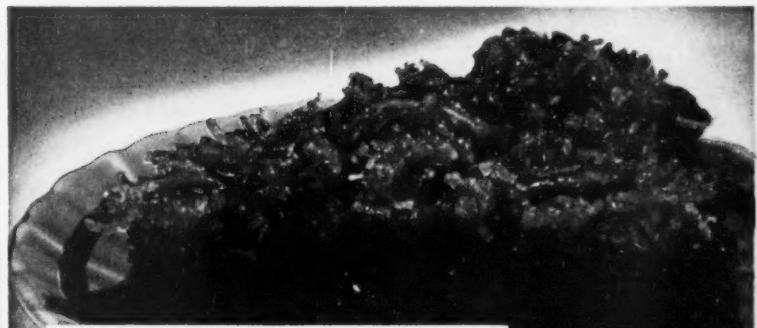
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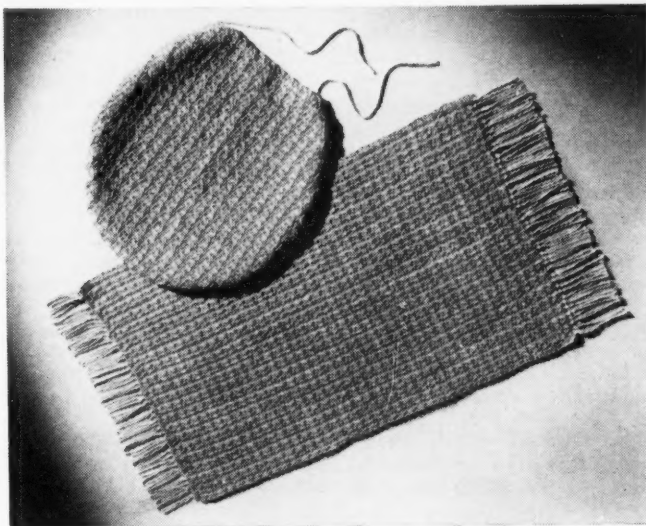
FEATURING: Fry's Cocoa—Coconut—1 egg

Sift, then measure... 1 cup pastry flour
Add and sift together twice... 1/2 teaspoon soda
1/4 teaspoon salt
2/3 cup sugar
2 1/4 tablespoons Fry's Cocoa
Cream until soft... 6 tablespoons shortening
Add... 1 egg, well beaten
6 tablespoons milk
1/2 teaspoon vanilla
Sift on top the dry ingredients. Stir until well blended and smooth, about 2 minutes.
Melt in a skillet... 3 tablespoons butter (or margarine)
Add... 2/3 cup brown sugar, firmly packed
2 tablespoons water
Cook and stir until well blended.
Add... 3/4 cup coconut

Turn batter out on contents of skillet.
PAN SIZE: 8-inch skillet. TEMPERATURE: 350°F. (moderate oven). TIME: 50 minutes.
Turn upside-down as soon as baked.



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MAGIC MOCHA CHIFFON CAKE

2¼ cups sifted cake flour
3 tsps. Magic Baking Powder
1 tsp. salt
1½ cups fine granulated sugar
½ cup salad oil
5 unbeaten egg yolks

¾ cup cold strong coffee
1 tsp. vanilla
3 ounces chilled semi-sweet chocolate, thinly shaved
½ tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup egg whites

Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and sugar into mixing bowl. Make a well in the centre of flour mixture and add salad oil, egg yolks, coffee and vanilla; mix these liquids a little with mixing spoon, then combine with flour mixture and beat until smooth. Add chocolate and beat to combine (a potato peeler shaves chocolate thinly). Sprinkle cream of tartar over the egg whites and beat until very, very stiff (much stiffer than for a meringue). Gradually fold

egg-yolk mixture into the egg-white mixture. Turn into ungreased 10" deep tube pan (top inside measure). Bake in rather slow oven, 325°, 1½ to 1¾ hours. Immediately cake is baked, invert pan and allow cake to hang, suspended, until cold. (To "hang" cake, rest tube of inverted pan on a funnel or rest rim of pan on 3 inverted small cups.) Remove cake carefully from pan and cover with a brown-sugar 7-minute frosting in which strong coffee is used in place of the usual water.

Somerville. Too, he looked very tired. He has gone immediately up to bed."

Isabel nodded. "I see," she said. "Yes, he would be very tired." She turned and went on up the stairs. She lifted off the heavy cape and folded it on her way into her room, Arthur's door was shut. She passed it noiselessly on the heavy carpet. She opened her own door and went inside, to close it soundlessly after her.

There was a thin sliver of light coming in at the side of the window blind. It touched a dark figure on her white satin counterpane. Isabel's heart leaped. She put her hand out slowly and drew it back. The darkness was less dense. She could see, now. Arthur was lying there on her bed, with his arm thrown up around her pillow and his face buried in it.

SHE KNELT QUICKLY, and he heard her move. He turned his head sharply toward her and they looked at each other in the half dark. "Why are you here?" she said.

He swung himself upright and put his feet on the floor. "I'm sorry," he said. "I didn't know it was so late."

She got up too and sat beside him. "Have you been lying here ever since you came home?"

He did not answer. Instead he stood up abruptly and walked across the room. He lit a cigarette in the darkness. He stood smoking it, and its glowing tip cast a faint light on his face.

He said steadily, "I'm sorry to interject an emotional element into this evening. Your work was magnificent, as you must know. You can be utterly confident of yourself now before any audience in the world."

"Are you injecting an emotional element into the evening, Arthur?"

After a minute he said, "Personal weakness, I'm afraid. I can't avoid realizing that you were yourself tonight, free, released, happy, secure . . . both artistically and personally." He stopped. "I must admit to the weakness of jealousy."

Isabel said in a low voice, "Of what are you jealous—and why?"

There was a long silence. Then the cigarette was dropped into the tray on the low table and he came back across the room quickly. He reached her, put his hands down and lifted her, to set his arms about her and hold her against him. His heart pounded against her breast; he kissed her hair, her temples, her cheeks, and then bent to her lips. His kiss was deep, strong, compelling; it turned all Isabel's bones to water.

He lifted his head. He said unsteadily, "I'm not good enough to keep from

saying it. I don't think I can bear to give you up. Darling . . . darling . . . I've loved you for so long and fought myself so long—from the minute I saw you. I've had to leave you free. Maybe that wasn't too difficult when I knew you were going to be right here with me . . . but to think of your going away, into another life, away from me . . . even from your music, how can I bear to let you go?"

Isabel put her face down on his shoulder. She slid her arms around him and held herself close to him. He was utterly still for a second and then he looked down at her in astonishment. She put her hands up and drew his face down to hers again. She kissed his cheek, his chin. The tears began and wouldn't stop; she took his hand and brushed them away with it. She said, "You don't know anything at all. You don't even know anything about music. Can't you see that it isn't anything but love? You understand the mind and the fingers part of it, but you don't know about the heart . . . that's where it comes from, that's where it's made." She put her arms around him again. "I couldn't have any music without you, not ever. Not anything real."

He said in a low husky voice, "I don't believe this. I don't. I can't."

"You've been treating me as if I were machinery. I'm not. I'm a woman. How could I help being in love with you? How could I help it?"

He said incredulously, "You mean you are? You really are in love with me? Not with that other man?"

"He is my friend. It's quite different. But . . ." She loosened her clasp a little. "You haven't quite explained why you don't want me to go away," she said.

His arms tightened around her. "Darling, you're everything any man could ever dream of. I want you terribly. I want you for my wife. That's what I always wanted, but it wouldn't have been fair to say so. You weren't grown into yourself when I met you. I couldn't start trying to make you into part of me. I wanted to . . . or to be part of you. I don't care which way it's said as long as we can be together."

The telephone rang in Arthur's study. He lifted his head. He said, "That will be people calling with congratulations for you."

Isabel laughed happily. She set her lips to his cheek. She said under her breath, "Do you think that if you didn't answer Joseph might tell them we're occupied?"

After a long moment Arthur said against her lips, "He would be well advised."

First-Born

by Ivan J. Collins

Nervous? Not me! Don't judge by my pacing.
Or talk that seems ill-dispositioned;
It's just that this strange new event I am facing
Finds me not quite heir-conditioned.

Unstable As the Wind

Continued from page 15

mother had against him. "It ain't decent that a man should never say where he come from," she'd sputter, her dark eyes wary and suspicious. "It strikes me that he puts himself out not to say, if you were to ask me, not that anybody ever does around here any more."

He never said anything and she never asked him about the past. If you care for a person you take him on trust. Besides it was the future that concerned her. Jud's mouth would rein in tight as a fish line whenever their conversation edged around to that. Or he'd burst out irritably: "It drags a man down to know he's tied. To a woman or a town, it's the same. It's a rope holding him to something."

Faith being an integral part of her make-up she kept hoping that Jud would change. But he hadn't.

Her faith had let her down. Jud had left, gone like the wind: without so much as a tender speech for her to carry into her dreams at night and wake up with.

Mrs. Hoffmeyer, a kindly, solicitous soul, who ran the general store where Allie clerked, spoke anxiously to her that first morning when Allie knew for certain Jud had left Holsport. "You shouldn't have come in this morning if you're sick. Or wuz your Ma taken sudden again? Poor soul, she sure has had her share of suffering."

"Ma's all right, Mrs. Hoffmeyer," she'd answered stoically, slipping out of her dress and into the dark smock she

wore in the store. "Want me to sort that new stock that came in yesterday?" she asked with a show of interest.

"I wuz sure your Ma wuz sick when I saw your white face. Yes, sort it, will you, Allie, and let's put them new girdles in a prominent place so's they know we finally got them."

Almost the first customer that morning had been Florrie Verne. Florrie's yellow hair was twisted over metal curlers; a navy raincoat covered her housedress, a brilliant red lipstick disguised her thin, pursed lips. Her hazel eyes had a contemptuous glint; they said wordlessly: You lost him too, didn't you, Allie? You thought you were so much better'n me. Well, you found out different, didn't you, smartie? We were just the same to him.

"What'll it be this morning, Florrie?" she'd spoken out sharply.

Florrie smirked: "I only ran in for a new lipstick, but I guess I'll have me one of them new girdles you just got in. I have a new boy friend and I have to watch my figure. Size 38, Allie."

"Tch, tch, tch. She got a new boy friend," Mrs. Hoffmeyer muttered when the door had closed on Florrie. "She's got a dozen new ones, the brazen hussy. She ought to be run out of town, the likes of her."

"It wouldn't do any good. There'd be another like her," Allie said.

"Hush, Allie," reprimanded Mrs. Hoffmeyer. "You're too young to say those things."

BUT I'M not too young to know them, she had thought. I wasn't too young to understand the day that Jud ran in here

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Germ destroyed swiftly

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For Feminine Hygiene use
"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
Every time



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for a pack of cigarettes and bumped into Florrie that he knew her. Knew her well. She hadn't resented that so much as the fact that Jud could carelessly give his body without his heart. It was all right for other men but Jud—

"Where you been lately, Jud?" Florrie had simpered, moseying over to him.

The night before had been Thursday. Allie had waited on the front porch until the moon sailed through white billows to settle over Whipples' house at the end of the street. The chilled air ruffled her dark hair, hit against her cheeks and locked fingers, finally sending her indoors. Now, as Jud's eyes filled with cold contempt, she knew why he hadn't come, and where he'd been, and the pain in her heart was enough to kill her before their very eyes. Only she had too much pride to let on about the pain before Florrie.

"Gimme a pack of cigs, will you, Allie?" Jud had said briefly.

Automatically Allie reached behind her into a little cubicle for his favorite brand, and handed them to him.

"I said—" began Florrie archly.

Jud turned then. "I heard you the first time," he said rudely. "If I don't answer the first time I ain't likely to answer the second, am I?"

Red flags waved in Florrie's thin white cheeks. It gave her face a naked look, thought Allie pityingly and glanced down at the grained counter, hearing Florrie blaze: "Why, you big punk. You big—"

"Seen our new blouses, Florrie?" Mrs. Hoffmeyer, moving over to the ribbon counter as if she were on skates, had interposed tactfully. "They're very smart, Florrie. Got that new high neckline."

"I ain't interested. I ain't interested in anything here, for that matter," said Florrie distinctly and flounced through the doorway, slamming the door after her so hard that a glass case rattled.

Mrs. Hoffmeyer glided away. Jud turned back to Allie, his eyes waiting for her to speak, for her to cue him. "You shouldn't have spoken to her so rudely," she said at last, breaking the silence between them. "She's a customer here."

"I'm a customer too. She accosted me," retorted Jud.

"You gave her the right to," Allie said lowly, meeting his eyes squarely.

The stubbornness in them melted. "Are you sore, Allie?" he asked her huskily.

Sore? She pondered his words. She wasn't sore, she thought dully. She was ashamed. For him. Because that moment between him and Florrie was something he wanted to forget so soon. Because he wanted to go on as if it never had happened. And he didn't know you can't wipe those moments away as if they were writings on a slate.

"I have something for you, Allie," he said, drawing a small book from his dungarees and holding it out to her. "It's a book that belonged to my father. It's called 'Walden,' by a guy named Henry Thoreau. My old man read it all the time. He was a great one for reading," he said, words trembling with eagerness to be out. "I'd like you to have it, Allie," he added after a pause.

The tears tore at her throat. You fool, she felt like shouting at him. You offer me a book. But it had his heart in it, she realized slowly, taking the book from him without so much as

touching his hand. And that was what made a gift, the spirit tucked into the content. She kept her eyes glued to the small, worn volume with the binding that couldn't hold out much longer. "Thank you, Jud."

He opened the pack of cigarettes, crunched the wrapping into a brittle ball and tossed it over the counter. "Want to walk along the river tonight, Allie? Well, do you?" he prodded her a little harshly as she stood, forefinger absently smoothing the scarred grain of the wooden counter.

She ought to have more spunk, she was telling herself instead of answering him. She ought to let him understand that he couldn't break dates as if they were of no account. She threw her head back, looked him in the eye, intending to let him have that sort of answer. Before she could open her mouth the little voice within her nudged: "Something's on his mind . . . he has to work it out his own way," and the breath went out of her slowly. "All right, Jud," she said.

A tiny spark glimmered in the blue eyes. "I'll call for you around eight," he said, then leaned across the counter between them and took her chin in his hand and shook it gently. Her eyes must have remained a little empty, a little stricken, for his immediately narrowed with concern. "Don't feel bad, Allie. It wasn't important," he said in a low voice, and left.

THAT EVENING they walked along the strip of sloping bank between the railroad tracks and the river. The air was like soft, expensive velvet, the full



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moon threw a golden path along the water. Far away a train sounded its eerie wail; in no time at all it had caught up with them, rumbled past and then the night was still again. It was a beautiful night, thought Allie, her fingers reaching up to push back her dark soft hair. It could have been more beautiful, though, if Florrie hadn't walked between her and Jud.

She rebuked herself. She oughtn't to let bitterness darken and spoil the evening. "Where you from, Jud?" she asked faintly, hurrying on to safer ground.

For the first time he told her. "Chicago."

"Is it nice there?" He shrugged. "Suppose so. The lake's big and the wind sure is fierce in the winter. Where we lived you didn't get the smell of the lake but the stockyards. In summer it's a sickening and scared smell. You'd think you'd get used to it, but you don't. The old man wouldn't move though. He was a stubborn one."

"And you take after him," said Allie softly. Possibly it was only to herself that she said the words since Jud, not answering that, went on.

"It was plenty good enough for him," he said. He didn't move either. Not until they carried him out."

"Didn't your mother hate the smell? Women are more conscious of things like that."

"She wasn't there," said Jud sharply. Jud's tone indicated that they'd come to the end of that revelation. It puzzled her that he chose not to share any mention of his mother. If she were dead it should have been simple enough for

him to say just that and nothing more. Possibly it wasn't simple though when a beloved presence goes from you and you don't know where it goes.

"Want to sit down a while, Allie?" They found a spot and Jud spread out his leather jacket for her to sit upon. "How'd you happen to pick out Holsport, Jud?"

"No more questions," he said a little huskily, picking up her hand that curled about the short grass. His own was warm and trembling. The trembling increased, as did the pressure on hers.

Her breath came a little faster. "Just that one." She realized she was holding off a moment all her being yearned for. "Go on, tell me how you picked out Holsport," she insisted unsteadily, for his warm breath caressed her cheek now and it was making her a little weak. Yes, tell me, Jud, she thought bitterly. Tell me you ran out of cigarettes and—

"I liked the looks of the burg . . . and there was a girl crossing the street—"

"Oh, Jud, was it me?" She strained her head back against his arm.

"It was you, Allie. You were so clean—and sweet," mumbled Jud and then would be put off no longer. The emotions in his face ran together, like mad turbulent waters meeting and churning. He buried his face under her chin.

She closed her eyes against the sweet pain that was mounting in her until Jud's warm moist lips found hers and the pain lost itself in their kiss. She flowed along with his passion until with an abrupt, desperate gesture Jud flung her away. For a second she was stunned; then she looked at him apprehensively. He'd dropped his arms and sat with his fists pressed against his temples.

"Oh, God, I won't be tied down," he muttered wrathfully.

She put her hand on his arm. "Jud, what is it? If there is something troubling you, you can tell me, can't you?"

He jerked his arm, as if hot coals touched him, turned to her. "It's like a rope around a man's neck to know he's tied down. A town or a woman, what's the difference? And I won't be tied down, see?" he said.

"You mean to me?"

"You—or anyone!"

"Oh, Jud." A wave of defeat rolled over her. How could she make him understand that love doesn't tie you down, she wondered desperately. How could she convince him that love isn't a rope but a chain of gossamer silk which is never burdensome or heavy? Before she could express her thoughts he had caught her close again. But the enchantment had gone from their embrace. This was a mockery, she thought numbly and pushed him away.

He stared at her. Then a dark ugly understanding sharpened his features. "I get it," he said coldly, drew a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and lit one. "I've got your number. You're just like every other dame, all you want is a guy to get hooked up with." Jud's jaws worked together on the tip of the cigarette, while she sat there wondering who had hurt Jud in this cruel fashion.

Who had taken his heart and crushed it under her heel? For it was a woman, Allie knew, intuitively recognizing another woman's viciousness. Had he been married? She asked him.

"Me married?" He threw back his head and laughed. It was neither easy

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nor pleasant laughter; it sounded as if it contained harsh memories that he was trying to outrun and hadn't yet been able to. "Hell no. Not me. I'm too smart to get caught like that," he said when he was done laughing.

"Then what—" she worried, only to be cut short.

"Skip it, Allie," Jud advised her curtly. "I'm like the wind, as I told you. I come and go as I please. I'm playing it safe and not laying up a load of trouble for myself."

"Did you ever read that book you gave me, Jud, the book that belonged to your father?" she asked, pulling up a blade of grass and nibbling the bitter end of it.

"Didn't have to. My old man was always quoting it. It seems this guy Thoreau went off and lived in the woods by himself and my old man was always telling me it could be done, that you don't need anyone else."

"I don't believe I'd like that," she protested.

Jud's eyes ran over her face. They were pointed like needles and pricked the surface skin. "I don't believe you would either. No woman does."

"I'm not any woman, Jud. I'm me." It was inadequate reasoning, she realized uncomfortably, but a deeper argument eluded her.

"Wouldn't you tie a man down just as quickly as the next one?" he said mockingly.

"But if you love a person, Jud," she

began hopefully and then broke off. For Jud, with the swift grace of an animal, had risen and was holding out a hand to help her to her feet.

"Who said anything about love?" he said sharply. "We'd better be getting back. It smells like rain."

The moon did have a smudged circle around it. But rain wasn't that imminent to send them scurrying home. However, she let herself be pulled to her feet and stood for a moment, reluctant to leave. Here, surrounded by the night, Jud and she might have experienced a love that would have brought them closer together. In the town it constantly eluded them, trickling away like water. She became conscious of Jud watching her, and turned from the river.

They crossed the railroad tracks, walked along Steuben Street, turned in at the corner where the Whipples lived, continued down the quiet street to her home. Jud pushed open the gate; she walked through and turned, her fingers scraping the top of the pickets. He remained on the other side, got a cigarette out and tapped it hard against the back of his hand, intent on the action.

"See you Sunday?" Allie said eagerly.

"I don't know. I may have to work. Now that pleasant weather's coming there's more traffic out, and more trouble. 'Night, Allie," he said.

"'Night, Jud," she said slowly.

He swung away and she went up the walk to the house.



In the Montreal office of Canadian Resins and Chemicals Co., Marie Holmes, Institute director, discusses with executives three types of their Vinylite Plastic film.



The Institute Approves

HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES made with plastic film are comparatively new to the shopper. Already, however, Canadian stores are displaying a wide variety of them from hosiery cases to bathroom curtain sets. Every day more uses for plastic film are being developed. Therefore when the manufacturers of Vinylite plastic film applied for our Seal of Approval we planned an extensive testing program. Wearability was our first concern. Washability also was thoroughly investigated in our Institute household tests.

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KATHLEEN RYAN

**The Most Interesting People
All Belong To The Human Race**



What is both a strange and a strangely important motion picture has just arrived from Britain. It is **GIVE US THIS DAY**.

★ ★ ★

It was to have been made in Hollywood but wasn't. The setting is Brooklyn. The story is the famous, "Christ in Concrete". It was produced in London by an Englishman, an American and a Canadian, the last-named, Edward Dmytryk, who made "Crossfire", "Farewell My Lovely", "THE HIDDEN ROOM".

★ ★ ★

The stars of **GIVE US THIS DAY** are the red-haired Irish actress, Kathleen Ryan; the ex-pugilist who became a fabulous Broadway legend as an actor, Sam Wanamaker; the lovely Italian discovery, Lea Padovani and a former New York GI and acrobat, Bonar Colleano.

★ ★ ★

Why films with international casts and themes, such as **THE RED SHOES**, gain an unforgettable quality all their own when made in Britain, still puzzles the experts. On **GIVE US THIS DAY**, as another shining example, the explanation is offered that, in British films, all people act like human beings.

★ ★ ★

In the field of thrillers which really deserve that name, there is a fine romantic Parisian chiller, **THE SPIDER AND THE FLY** with a new continental beauty, Nadia Gray.

★ ★ ★

But for comedy, the British are staying in Britain. As in **PASSPORT TO PIMLICO**, London is used as the setting for uproarious complications in **A RUN FOR YOUR MONEY**.

To be sure you see these J. Arthur Rank films, ask for the playdates at your local Theatre.



She didn't see him Sunday. The day was fair and balmy so it was possible Jud did have to work at the garage. She had too much pride to stroll past and find out. During the evening her mother had a heart attack and Allie spent the rest of the night on her feet. Toward dawn she and her father knew with grateful hearts that the white-faced, dozing woman in the bed was going to remain with them a while longer.

"I'll make you some coffee, Pa," whispered Allie as they left the room together.

"You'd better get yourself some sleep instead," her father answered wearily.

Allie looked at her father. It was the first time she had looked at him as an individual, unrelated to her. She saw not only a thin, stoop-shouldered man in an old bathrobe, with a lined anxious face, with disillusioned grey eyes and a beaten air, but a man who had stared bleakly into a lonely, companionless future and didn't know how he could have endured it. It didn't matter to him that his wife had a tart tongue, a suspicious attitude toward the entire town and the world in general, that she complained and nagged unceasingly. He'd grown accustomed to that picture and no longer even saw it. He simply knew his wife was the mate he had chosen in his youth and he loved her.

She understood about such constancy now, thought Allie as she started down the stairs in the morning greyness to the kitchen. There was a sickness in Jud, a sickness of the spirit that made him do crazy, inexplicable things at times. But she loved him, as her father did her mother. She whispered over her shoulder: "I'll make you a cup of coffee, Pa. Then you get to bed and get a little rest. I don't have to go to the store."

It was a week before she saw Jud again. He came into the store Thursday afternoon. "I didn't know your mother had been sick, Allie," he said apologetically.

"She's been sick a week, Jud. A whole week." It seemed longer.

"We've been working like dogs at the garage. That's why I wasn't over."

"Yes?"

"I thought you'd understand how it was, Allie."

How can I understand if you avoid me? How can I understand and help if you don't tell me what this is between us? she almost cried out to him and only caught the words in time. He didn't like questions. He didn't like so many things, she thought, suddenly dispirited. Aloud she said listlessly: "Ma's feeling some better."

"That's good, Allie. I'm glad for you." He stood there, tall and awkward. Suddenly he became aware of the package he was crushing into his ribs under his tan shirt. He looked down at it with a sheepish grin and handed it over to her. "I saw this. I thought you might like it. Girls go for that stuff."

With shaking fingers she unwrapped the box and lifted a delft-blue lustre teapot from a nest of tissue paper. A teapot. Why not a hearth, or a ring, or a license, or words of promise? Oh, Jud—She began to laugh weakly; the laugh grew out of bounds until it was shrill and brittle. It was a hurt in her soul that wouldn't give in and so came into expression as laughter.

Jud leaned across the counter, grabbed



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her hard by the shoulders and shook her. The laughter died. She gazed at him helplessly, tears streaming down. "You're worn out. That's what made you hysterical," he said.

"I guess that's it. I'm sorry," she said faintly. She tried to make amends. "It's a beautiful teapot, Jud. I've never seen—"

His eyes raked hers, found the hurt beneath the layer of pretense. "Skip it," he said huskily. "If your mother's well enough for you to leave her, do you want to go to the movies tonight? Maybe the change would rest you."

"Maybe it would," she agreed docilely. A little prayer went winging through her for Jud's concern.

THE PLAZA was a small, compact, one-storied movie theatre on Main Street. Its pictures had been shown all over the country by the time they eventually reached here. Allie slid down in her seat and leaned her head against the hard back. She had seen this picture of Dr. Gillespie, the kindly intensioned, rapier-tongued doctor in the wheel chair, a long time ago, in the city. She didn't object to seeing it again, although it wasn't the picture on the screen that absorbed her thoughts. It was knowing that Jud had been concerned about her. And feeling his strong shoulder touching hers and his hand tightly clasping hers. And understanding that though something unknown kept rearing its ugly head between them they battled it down every time. Some day it would rear its head no more and then—it would be like the little voice whispered: "Then it will be all right, Allie."

"Want a drink?" he asked her as they strolled out of the movie.

Sometimes they dropped into the Tavern. But tonight she felt the high voices and raucous laughter and juke-box music would crowd and smother this close feeling that had sprung up between her and Jud. She said: "I'd rather have a soda."

They were ahead of the crowd that filled Hall's drugstore after the evening show. Allie pulled out a rickety iron chair and sat down at one of the small tables; Jud stopped at the fountain. A second later he came along, balancing an overflowing soda in each hand.

She watched him slide the glasses carefully onto the marble-topped table. His mood had changed; his earlier buoyancy had fled. Usually the cleavage between them was violent and abrupt. But this was subtle and slow moving, yet tracing its malicious work just as effectively. She rummaged through the evening for a clue or a clue, the frown in her grey eyes deepening.

He looked over at her. "I've never seen you order anything else but a chocolate soda with nut ice cream."

"I never do. I'm either constant or in a rut." Her spoon cut through an island in a frothy chocolate sea; her mind shooting anxiously around corners of the evening, she spoke absently about the picture: "It would be awful to have to spend your life in a wheel chair like Dr. Gillespie, wouldn't it?"

"My father did." Jud pushed the soda from him. It almost tipped over.

Allie raised her eyes to his. He looked through the door of the drugstore and saw, not the people beginning to flock in, she knew, but another city, another existence.

"He spent eight years in a wheel chair. The last eight years of his life. With only me to do for him."

"Your mother?"

"She wasn't there."

And still he didn't say she was dead. Was she still living, wondered Allie, her pity reaching out to Jud as it never had before. For this was tangible and definite, this picture of his other years.

"He was an engineer on a railroad. Coming home one night a car ran into him. There was some nerve in his spine that became paralyzed, they said at the hospital. He never walked again. The guy that ran into him was only a little fish in a small pond so—we moved from the house when he came home at last from the hospital, into a flat on the first floor where I could wheel him out for air."

Was that where you smelled the stockyards, Jud, that hot, scared smell? Did you sometimes think it was in you and not outside?

But none of these tormenting questions did she ask him. All she said was: "How old were you when it happened?"

"Fifteen."

Fifteen. So terribly, terribly young. And tender and imaginative and sensitive.

Herbie MacIntyre, manager of the chain store on Main Street, strode over to their table and straddled one of the rickety chairs. Herbie was stocky, red-headed and brash. "How's for going with me to the Veterans' dance on June 15 down at the Grove, Allie?"

"She's going with me," said Jud shortly and got to his feet. "Ready, Allie?"

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She thanked Herbie for his invitation as best she could. But it wasn't done properly. For she was suddenly spinning through translucent clouds, her tongue tipped with delicious laughter, her eyes filled with crystalized hopes and love, her heart singing the loveliest music. Jud had spoken up to Herbie just like that! "Thank you, Herbie, just the same," she repeated shyly and followed Jud out of the store and into the night.

SHE DIDN'T go to the dance.

Jud had an accident at the garage the day before. A car swinging in from the sunlight through the broad opened doors hadn't been able to pick him out in a darkened corner where he was working and jammed him against a wall. Three ribs were fractured and his kneecap injured. It was this last injury that embittered him, lying in bed at Mrs. Durgin's where he roomed and boarded, when Allie went over to see him that evening.

"I may walk with a limp," he said, breathing a little stiffly from the strapped ribs.

"It could be worse, Jud," she said gently, sitting on the side of the bed and looking at him.

"You think so?" His tone was rude, disgruntled.

She held her ground. "I think so, Jud." She forced her hands to remain limp and motionless in her lap when they wanted to stroke his hair and to caress his face. "You could have been killed."

"I'd rather have been."

"Oh, Jud," broke from her sickly.

His eyes roamed the neat, sparsely

furnished room with its old black walnut dresser and bed, patchwork quilt thrown over the baseboard, to rest at last upon Allie's distressed face. His eyes were stubborn and reckless.

"It's no go, kid. It's just like I told you, I'm like the wind, I come and go. I don't settle any place for long. And I won't this time either. I got the feeling I might—then this happened."

"But you'll get over this, Jud."

"Maybe I'll limp."

"What's a little limp, Jud?"

"Nothing. Everything," he said wearily, and closed his eyes.

"Do you want to sleep now, Jud? Do you want me to turn the light out?" she asked him anxiously. "Would you like a glass of milk before you go to sleep?"

"I want you to go, Allie," he told her. "I want you to go—and don't come back."

She caught her breath. "Jud—"

He opened his eyes. They were filled with a hard light. "I said it, didn't I Allie? It wasn't just something that went through my mind? I said it—yeah, I said it. And I meant it. Now leave me alone and don't come back. Understand?"

She went.

She returned the next day with a bowl of soup that was still warm when she took the cover from it. "Ma makes awfully good soup, Jud," she said, just as if last night had never taken place. Jud was even more worn-looking and restless than the night before. And the blue eyes, as they met hers, more implacably cold.

"I wasn't nuts last night, Allie," he said distinctly. "I meant just what I said. Thanks for the soup. I hate the stuff," he added.

She felt as if lightning had struck her and she was now a wraith standing there, without body, without feeling, his eyes boring through her.

"Don't come back this time," he shouted at her, furiously.

"I—won't," she whispered. "A woman can take only so much, if she's going to stay a whole woman." She turned, groped her way out. "I won't ever come back, Jud Howe—ever," she quivered into the handkerchief pressed against her mouth.

She didn't.

Four days later Jud left Holsport.

MRS. DURGIN bumped into Allie the next morning on her way to the store and told her about it. "Him not fit to sit up even and off he goes with his ribs strapped and his knee in a cast. He was white as a ghost and trembling all over. They should have examined his head while they were at it, I'm a-thinkin'," said Mrs. Durgin in exasperation, drawing her tight lips together in disapproval.

Or his heart, thought Allie numbly to herself, excused her haste to Mrs. Durgin and stumbled on to the store.

Jud had gone in the summer. Of all times to be unhappy, she used to think, staring dry-eyed out of her bedroom window at the deep night, illuminated by a brilliant moon and unmasked stars, sometimes until the dawn pushed up palely through the dark. The hills were lush with grasses and wild flowers, the river high with freshets from the mountains not so far away, shadows contained trysts and quivered with teasing laughter. Only her heart refused to blossom.

You bet
MY TUB
SPARKLES!



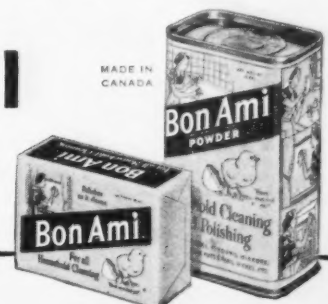
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"Jud Howe. He turned out to be just what I expected, a roustabout," Ma droned on morning after morning. "Why don't you go dancing with Herbie MacIntyre some night, Allie?" she added slyly, once. "He was giving me a hint about asking you yesterday."

"Maybe I will. Sometime. If he asks me," she answered disinterestedly.

More to placate her mother than anything else she went dancing with Herbie MacIntyre one night. There was a crowd of pert-faced girls and slick-haired fellows she didn't know who piled into Herbie's rattletrap car and headed for Palm Gardens, a dance hall across the river.

They secured a table after a slight delay and then immediately sought the dance floor. Allie found herself in Herbie's arms, and the fellows of the party in turn. And so the evening went. Each time she came to Herbie he held her closer, straining his body against hers. His breath had grown sour with beer, his cheek warm and damp.

"The music's so loud," she protested inarticulately when she could endure his closeness no longer.

Herbie's response was prompt and smug. "You took the words right out of my mouth. We'll go outside, baby."

Allie felt chagrined at her stupidity. But at least she was free of his embrace, she thought unhappily.

His hand under her elbow, Herbie piloted her through the crowded maze, thumped two of his friends on the back. "The little lady wants a breath of air," he explained with a wink.

The music followed them out. Now it was muted though, and easier on the

nerve. It was a pleasant night, with bright stars in a dark sky, and the moon a new lemon sliver. A wide gravel path led down to the river. Herbie inclined his head toward it. "Wanna investigate?" he said, slipping his arm through hers and curling his fingers around her hand.

"It's only the river." She freed her arm and pushed back strands of hair that whipped across her cheek.

"That's what you think," grinned Herbie. A couple came toward them, emerging from the dark and into the path of lantern light. Their arms were entwined about each other's waists. "It can't be a bad view, Allie. Look at them. Come on, Allie, let's—look at the river."

Allie stood quietly, scarcely hearing Herbie. For without warning, the memory of another night had come winging back and was holding her in its thrall. It was the first time Jud's barriers had ever given way and he had spoken of the past. It wasn't much he had shared with her but—Oh, if there'd been more such nights, she thought tremulously, digging her hands into her sides. If she'd had just a little more time she could have got into Jud's heart, she knew she could have!

Herbie's mouth pressed upon hers just then. It was like a sacrilege, a violation. She drew back in revulsion.

"Aw, come, baby, don't be like that," pleaded Herbie thickly. "What's a little kiss between friends? You must have been kissed before. Don't tell me Jud Howe let you get away with any of that high-handed stuff. I've been around, Allie, I know better, see?"

The silly grin riding across his mouth



Anne Hathaway's Cottage,
Stratford-upon-Avon.

come to

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COMING EVENTS

April — Association Football, F.A. Cup Final, Wembley • May — British Industries Fair, London and Birmingham; Racing, The Derby, Epsom • June — King's Official Birthday, Trooping the Colour, London • July — Golf, Open Championships, Troon; Royal Agricultural Show, Oxford • August — Royal National Eisteddfod, Caerphilly, Wales; International Festival of Music and Drama, Edinburgh.

Information and illustrated literature from your travel agent or from THE BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 372 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario, or Room 331, Dominion Square Building, Montreal (Tourist Division of The British Tourist & Holidays Board).

suddenly changed. For Allie's hand whipped out and struck his cheek. For a moment they stood transfixed. Herbie was the first to regain his composure. "You ornery little tramp," he began in an ugly voice.

"I'm sorry, Herbie," she whispered, gazing at the swath of pink on Herbie's pudgy cheek. "I'm terribly sorry. I—shouldn't have done that." She turned on her heel and fled.

The dirt road leading up to the highway was gravelly and uneven; her high heels kept sinking into it and catching. The cicadas chirping blatantly through the sweetly scented night came close to her, fell away. Like a spectre, bobbing up and down before her in the dark, was Herbie's pudgy face, with its startled, hard expression, the small rapacious eyes. Jud's eyes had been scornful and ofttime belligerent, but clear and unequivocal, she remembered painfully. They would be yours forever, they told you mockingly, if they ever gave themselves to you; but if they didn't, if they never could? Oh, Jud, Jud, thought Allie, the longing for him sweeping over her again.

SO WHAT were you to do? wondered Allie miserably, watching evening creep down the hill and blanket the town across the river until it was only a deep blur interspersed with blinking lights. Were you to live with a love locked tight within you until it eventually burst its bounds like a dammed-up river? She pressed her finger tips against her shuttered, quivering eyes.

"Allie," said a voice beside her. Her heart stopped.

"Allie, I didn't mean to startle you," said Jud.

The tears welled up in her and tore at the walls of her throat. She forced them back; if she didn't it would only give Jud another weapon to wield against her, she thought with despair, nervously flexing her hands.

Her lack of response must have upset him for he blurted out: "You weren't home. Your mother said you rushed out right after supper."

She got herself in hand. No longer trembling she turned and in the dim light she could see that he was the same Jud: But he was speaking to her without arrogance tightening his tone.

"Allie. I had to go, Allie," said Jud, his words coming out in gulps, as if their very release was painful. He dropped down beside her on the mound and took her hand into his large callused one. "I was getting the feeling I was tied down, Allie, that I'd never be free again. I was getting to like it. And I mustn't, I kept telling myself. I had to fight it."

Defeat began to settle in her like a winter cold, creeping over her body slowly, numbing her to the finger tips. It became painful to think and to breathe; it was an effort to hold her eyelids back even. More to push this paralyzing ineptitude from her than any other reason she asked the question she had asked before without receiving an answer.

"Your mother, Jud, where is she?"

"I don't know. She ran off when she found my father would have to spend the rest of his life in a wheel chair. She left the two of us. That about finished him for sure. He used to cry at night when he thought I was asleep and

Distinctive lines seen in New York

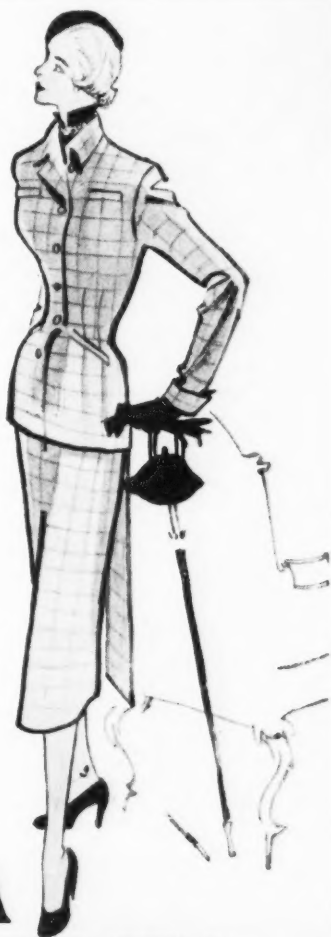
Shows at the Hotel Vanderbilt, New York, was this distinctive HARELLA suit made exclusively for Canada and the United States, in a wonderful tropical-weight shark-skin worsted with subdued overcheck. Its clearcut lines stand out as a crisp interpretation of this year's tailored fashions. The mark of the season is on the high-buttoning neck, the pockets that give flattering emphasis to your figure, the flying panel.

It is always remarkable, this distinctiveness of Harella clothes. The cut is sure and faultless. The tailoring is superlatively good; precise, fastidious as to finish. But there is more to it than this. Harella clothes are designed with a true fashion-sense that makes them exceptional in everything but price; and that is moderate to a degree.

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CAKE TALK
by
Frances Barton

• Our cake recipes always give the right temperature and time for baking. With Swans Down Cake Flour, if the oven temperature and the size of the pan are the same as specified in the recipe, the cake should be done in the time given.

If you are not sure of temperature, or have to use a different size of pan, here are some helpful tests:

1. The cake should have a delicately browned crust.
2. Insert a cake tester or toothpick. It should come out clean.
3. Cake (except sponge cakes) should have shrunk away slightly from sides of pan.
4. The top when pressed lightly should spring back.
(For chocolate or very rich cakes, use test 1 or 3.)

GRAND BAKING HINTS
in
"Learn to Bake —
You'll Love It"

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TROPICAL SPICE CAKE

- 1½ cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour
- ¾ teaspoon Calumet Baking Powder
- ½ teaspoon baking soda
- ½ teaspoon (each) salt, cloves and cinnamon
- ½ cup shortening
- ¾ cup granulated sugar
- ½ cup brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- *Sour milk or buttermilk (see below for amount)

*With butter, margarine or lard, use ¾ cup sour milk. With shortening, use ¾ cup sour milk.

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder, soda, salt and spices; sift 3 times. Cream shortening, add sugars gradually; time, beating well after each. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time; beat smooth after each addition. Bake in pan 9 x 9 x 2 inches which has been lined on the bottom with paper, then greased. Use moderate oven (375°F.) about 30 minutes. Cover with boiled frosting, and snow under with fluffy Baker's Coconut.



TESTED RECIPES
ON THE PACKAGE

Swans Down

CAKE FLOUR

S-249M

A Product of General Foods

couldn't hear. It's a terrible thing to hear a man cry in the dark," he ended in a rough voice.

A terrible thing, agreed Allie stilly. But not so terrible as never being able to forget it and letting it drown out all the beautiful sounds in the world. Or had it this time? she wondered abruptly. For hadn't Jud come back, like the wind that but a moment ago had sprung up again and brushed against her wet cheek? And why had he, really? He hadn't given her the true reason, in so many words. She put the question to him in blunt fashion. She could feel a tension ripple through his body, that communicated itself to her.

"I— Well, because—" stammered Jud lamely, then broke off. He clenched his right hand, letting it go slack, cracking the finger tips against the thumb. He tried again. "I—came—"

He didn't even know, she thought with bitterness. He just came back, like the wind, without reason or purpose. It was the crowning blow, she told herself miserably. "How's your kneecap?" she mumbled, using words not as weapons but to occupy the time and void between them.

"My what?" said Jud, startled. He gave a little, embarrassed laugh. "Oh, that. Why, it's all right, I guess."

It wasn't even important enough for him to remember, yet it had taken him away and carried him far. Or had it? Hadn't it rather been an excuse for something, a fear deep down and never brought to light, that was a legacy from his father? That was it, thought Allie, with an illumination pouring through her. It was fear that had taken Jud away! And somehow, in a manner she'd never know, he had pressed beyond the fear—to love?

Without speaking she slipped her hand into his. She understood. She wouldn't tell him yet since the sickness in him might not be altogether cured and he might get a hankering to leave sometimes. But Jud was rubbing the back of her hand against his cheek, and speaking softly.

"Allie, I saw lots of the country when I was gone. There's a spot I kind of liked not so far away from here. It has a hill and a peaceful river and clean air. You and that place belong together," he said, with a remembrance in his tone. "I could get a job there, Allie. There's plenty of work to do in a town like that. We could be awfully happy there, you and me, and that peaceful river."

She drew in her breath and let it go out slowly. She leaned forward and with her free hand searched for a clump of sweet grass. Finding it, she snapped off a blade, blew on it and said gravely: "I don't know that I'd care to be tied down, Jud."

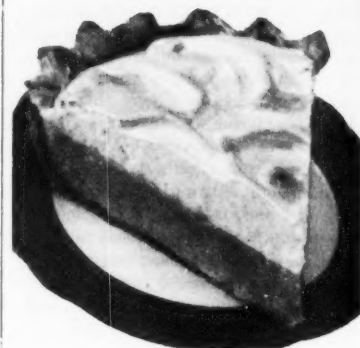
"You don't feel tied down, Allie, when you want to stay," said Jud warmly. "Honest you don't."

"No?" The darkness hid her tender smile and the little diamonds that clung to her lashes. "Well, perhaps we could try it for a spell. When the hankering comes we could always move on, I 'spose."

"I don't believe we'll ever get the hankering to move on," said Jud huskily.

"Maybe not," replied Allie composedly. But her heart raced. Jud had said "we." At last. "Maybe not," she repeated softly.

how to make a perfect lemon pie



Only fresh lemons can give your pies true, delicious lemon flavour. So easy, too. Just follow these tested recipes from the famous Sunkist Kitchen:

LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Bring to a boil in saucepan on direct heat:

- 1 cup water or milk
- ¾ cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon grated Sunkist lemon peel

Add: 5 tablespoons cornstarch, blended with ½ cup cold water

Cook over low heat until thickened (about 5 minutes), stirring constantly.

Remove from heat. Add separately, mixing well each time:

- 2 well-beaten egg yolks
- 1 tablespoon butter
- 6 tablespoons Sunkist lemon juice

Pour into an 8-inch baked or crumb crust pie shell. Top with Sunkist Meringue. Brown in moderate oven (325°F.) for 15 minutes.

LEMON ANGEL PIE

- 4 egg yolks
- ¾ cup sugar

Cream together thoroughly:

Add: ¼ cup Sunkist lemon juice

Cook in double boiler until thickened (about 10 minutes), stirring often

Add: 1 tablespoon butter

Remove from heat and fold in: 2 egg whites, stiffly beaten

Pour into an 8-inch baked pie shell. Top with Sunkist Meringue. Brown in moderate oven (325°F.) for 15 minutes.

SUNKIST MERINGUE

For meringue to cover an 8-inch pie, add gradually:

- 4 tablespoons sugar, to
- 2 egg whites, first beaten until frothy

Continue beating. Beat only until egg holds its shape in peaks. Fold in: 1 teaspoon Sunkist lemon juice.

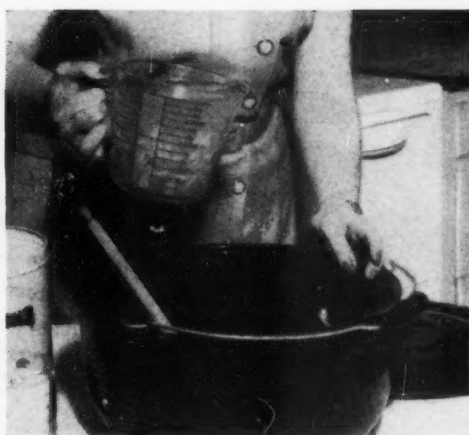


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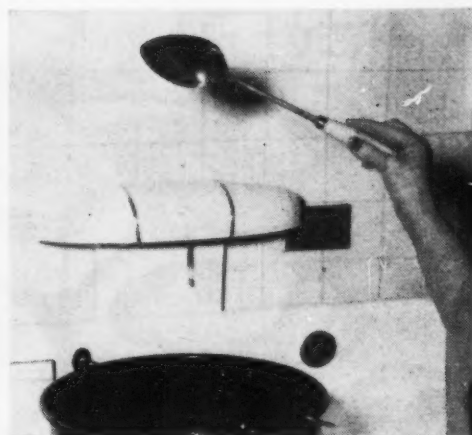
For scores of wonderful new recipes and ideas that make good foods better and housekeeping easier—send for that famous Sunkist Lemon Recipe Book. Free. Just write to Sunkist, Sec. 5502, Box 39, Toronto, Ont.



ONE. Begin with perfect fruit. I like oranges with medium-thick, unblemished skins. Uniform slicing, paper thin, is worth the extra time it takes. A sharp paring knife and good cutting board help. Measuring as you slice is a good idea.



TWO. Cooking in four-cup lots gives clearer, better flavored marmalade, I've found. Careful measurements and a wide kettle are important. Boil each lot quickly over high heat. Stir frequently with long-handled spoon.



THREE. After boiling for about 6 minutes, lift the stirring spoon well above the steam. Watch for thick reluctant drops on edge of spoon. This means jelly stage has been reached. Be sure to wait for it, then quickly lift kettle from heat.

Marie Holmes Makes Marmalade

MAKING marmalade is a treat I wouldn't miss come the right season for oranges. That's now. Just as good as a tonic to look at those jars of golden tangy jelly with bits of amber peel all through. It tastes even better than it looks, too. Specially with buttered toast on a June morning!

The fun, of course, is having a recipe that's sure to work—like this one. All the pointers illustrated round this page are worth noting. I've discovered they're the secrets to happy marmalade making.

Orange Marmalade

4 cups thinly sliced oranges (4 medium-size oranges)

2 cups thinly sliced lemons (4 medium-size lemons)

20 cups cold water;
granulated sugar.

PREPARATION: Wash fruit, cut in quarters, remove centre core and seeds. Slice quarters into very thin slices with sharp knife.

METHOD: Measure prepared fruit into large kettle, add water and allow to stand overnight. In the morning put over hot fire, bring to a boil and boil for 10 minutes. Let stand overnight again. The third day bring to a boil and boil for 40 minutes. Measure 4 cups of mixture into large kettle, add $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups granulated sugar. Place over hottest fire, and boil vigorously until it gives the jelly test of thick drops which sheet together from a spoon. (Hold spoon—preferably metal or silver spoon—high over kettle away from the hot steam.) Should be ready after 10 to 12 minutes boiling. Remove from heat and allow to stand 5 minutes. Stir to distribute pieces of fruit. Pour into sterilized jars and seal at once with melted paraffin. Cook remainder in 4-cup lots. Yield: Approximately 22 six-ounce jelly glasses.

(Approved by Chatelaine Institute)



FOUR. Letting marmalade stand in kettle for a few minutes with an occasional stirring prevents floating fruit. This is when I get the sterilized jelly glasses lined up for filling. A ladle prevents spills and burns



Flavory orange-filled rolls

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ORANGE-FILLED ROLLS

Makes 2 Dozen

Measure into large bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water

1 teaspoon granulated sugar
and stir until sugar is dissolved.

Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's

Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

In the meantime, scald

3/4 cup milk

Remove from heat and stir in

1/4 cup granulated sugar

2-1/4 teaspoons salt

4-1/2 tablespoons shortening

Cool to lukewarm and add to yeast mixture; stir in

1/4 cup lukewarm water

Stir in

2-1/4 cups once-sifted bread flour

and beat until smooth; work in

2-1/4 cups more once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in greased bowl, brush top with melted butter or shortening. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught. Let rise until doubled in bulk. While dough is rising, prepare

ORANGE FILLING

Combine in a saucepan

2-1/2 tablespoons corn starch

1/2 cup granulated sugar

Gradually blend in

1/3 cup cold water

1/3 cup orange juice

1-1/2 tablespoons lemon juice
and add

1 tablespoon grated orange
rind

1 teaspoon grated lemon rind

Bring to the boil, stirring constantly; boil gently, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened; cool.

Punch down dough; form into a smooth ball. Roll into an oblong 1/4-inch thick and 26 inches long; loosen dough from board. Spread with cooled orange filling.

Beginning at a long edge, roll up loosely, like a jelly roll. Cut into 1-inch slices. Place in greased muffin pans. Grease tops. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, about 25 min. Serve hot, with butter or margarine.



Menu 1

(Sunday Dinner)

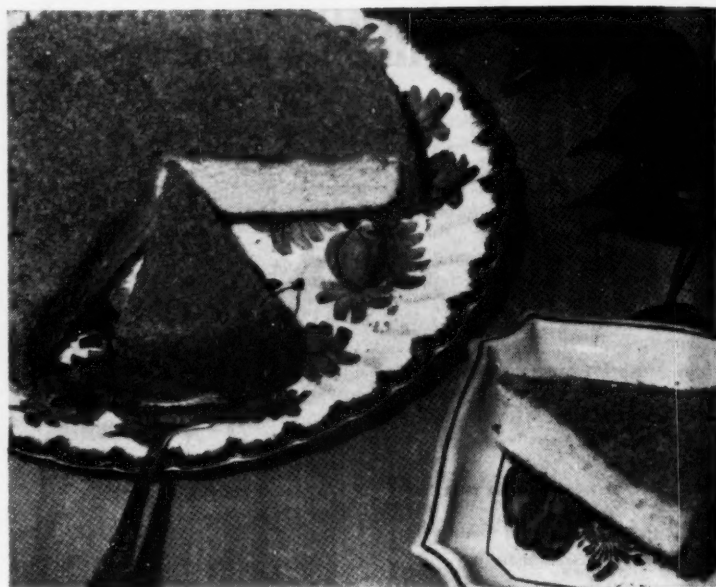
Roast Beef
with
Roast Potatoes
Carrots and Onions
Lettuce Wedges
Russian Dressing
Cherry Coconut
Cake Pie

Menu 2

(Shrove Tuesday)

Meat-stuffed Pancakes
Tomato Soup Sauce
Steamed Squash
Green Peas
Fruits in Orange Jelly
Cookies

Four Menus



*Delicate cheese cake — a once-in-a-while dish
that's a bit expensive but oh so delicious.*

Cheese Cake

1 five-ounce package rusks

1/2 cup butter or margarine,
melted

1 1/2 cups granulated sugar

4 eggs

1/2 cup cream

1/2 teaspoon salt

4 tablespoons flour

2 1/2 tablespoons lemon juice

2 teaspoons lemon rind

3 cups cottage cheese, sieved

METHOD: Roll rusks into fine crumbs and mix with the melted butter and 1/2 cup of the sugar. Pack all but 1/2 cup of this mixture on bottom and sides of a well-greased, deep 9-inch layer-cake pan. Combine eggs and remaining 1 cup sugar and beat well. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Pour into crumb-lined pan and sprinkle lightly with the remaining crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (325 degrees F.) for

1 hour. Turn off heat and leave in oven for 1 hour. Cool before serving.

Yield: 10 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Salmon Mousse

1 pound can salmon

1 tablespoon plain unflavored
gelatine

1/4 cup cold water

1/2 teaspoon salt

1/2 teaspoon paprika

2 tablespoons chopped cucumber
pickle

2 tablespoons lemon juice

1/2 cup thinly sliced celery

3/4 cup mayonnaise

METHOD: Flake salmon. Soak gelatine in cold water for five minutes. Combine remaining ingredients with flaked salmon. Dissolve softened gelatine over hot water and combine

Menu 3

(Company Dinner)

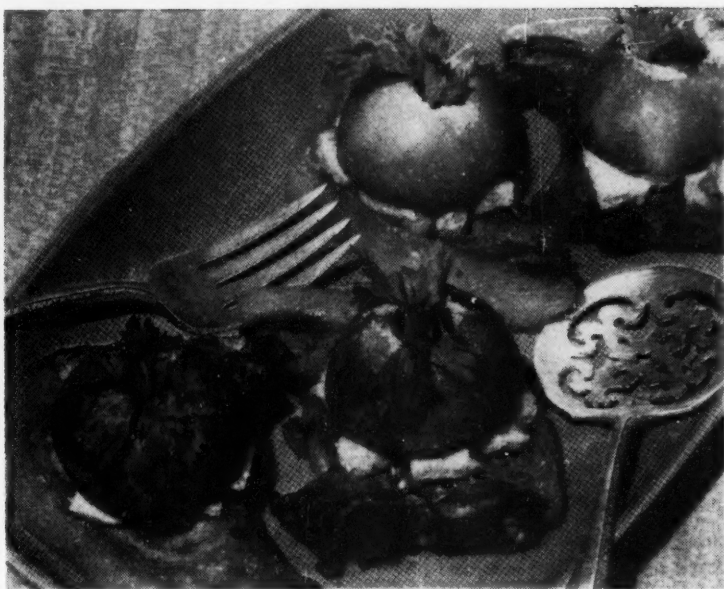
Baked Pork Chops
with
Apple Topping
Scalloped Potatoes
Browned Turnips
Raw Relish Tray
Cheese Cake

Menu 4

(Valentine Supper)

Mushroom Bisque
Toast Hearts and
Arrows
Salmon Mousse Mold
Potato Chips
Tossed Salad
Strawberry Ice Cream
Puffs

us for February



Apple-topped pork chops — an often-as-you-like treat that's self-garnished, cheap and good.

thoroughly with salmon mixture. Turn into 1-quart mold. Chill until firm. Yield: 6 to 8 servings.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Baked Pork Chops

4 pork chops
2 slices white bread
Salt and pepper
1 teaspoon sage, if desired
2 apples
1 teaspoon sugar

METHOD: Lightly grease a shallow roasting pan. Season pork chops with salt and pepper and place in pan. Cut crusts off bread and cut the bread in cubes. Sprinkle salt, pepper and sage, if used over bread cubes and toss together. Put a mound on top of each pork chop. Wash and core apples, but do not peel. Cut in half and place one half on top of each mound of bread cubes, cut side down. Sprinkle lightly

with sugar and bake at 325 degrees F. for 45 minutes.
Yield: 4 servings.
Approved by Chatelaine Institute

Meat - stuffed Pancakes: Place spoonfuls of a hot seasoned ground meat on top of freshly baked pancakes, fold over and serve with hot tomato soup sauce. (Use canned or leftover meat; season with chopped pickle and onion and moisten with a little of the condensed soup.)

Fruits in Orange Jelly: Make the gelatine mixture with 2 bottles carbonated orange drink and 1 tablespoon plain, unflavored gelatine. Cool and allow to partially set, then fold in 2 cups diced fresh or canned fruit. Yield: 5 to 6 servings.

Mushroom Bisque: Combine 1 can of mushroom soup and 1 can of tomato soup with 2½ cups of milk. Heat.

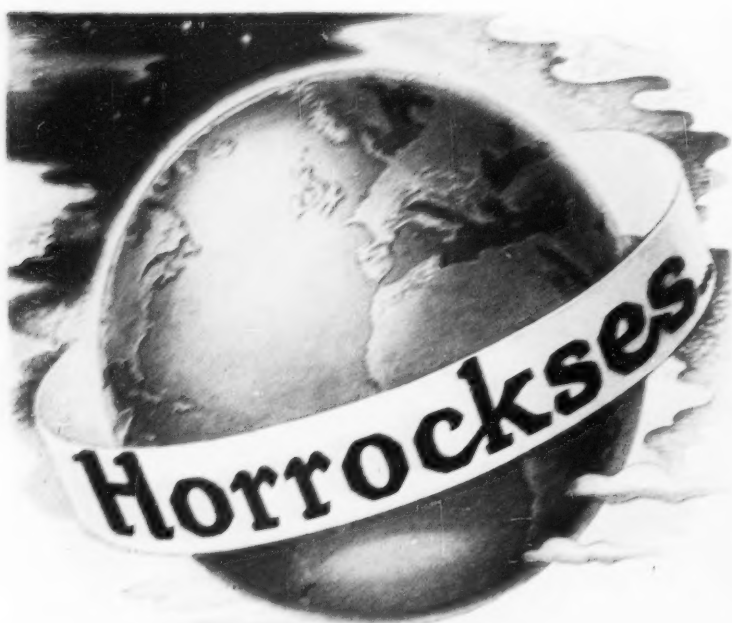


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Nine Ways to Use

Dried Beans

by Jane Monteith



Bake them, of course. Then use any leftovers — or beans from a can if you wish — in a variety of nutritious dishes that will delight your family.

Old-fashioned Baked Beans: The secret of these is long slow baking in a moderate oven—4 hours at least at 350 degrees F. Wash, soak overnight and precook 2 cups dried beans. Place in an ovenproof casserole. Add 3 tablespoons brown sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup molasses, 1 sliced onion, 1 teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound salt pork or bacon and water to cover. Bake. Add extra water during the baking period if necessary.

Pressure Cooker Beans: Use the same ingredients as for old-fashioned beans but add only 2 cups water. Bring to pressure and cook for 60 minutes. Reduce pressure gradually.

Baked Bean Salad: Add 1 tablespoon chopped onion and 2 cups diced celery to 2 cups cold baked beans. Bind with mayonnaise and serve in lettuce cups. Six servings.

Baked Bean Soup: Add 2 slices onion, 2 tablespoons chili sauce, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard and 4 cups water to $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups (or $1\frac{1}{2}$ cans) baked beans. Simmer 20 minutes. Rub through a sieve, add 1 teaspoon more chili sauce and reheat. Six servings.

Cheese and Bean Loaf: Mash together 2 cans baked beans and 2 packages (4-ounce size) processed cheese. Stir in 4 cups cornflakes, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon thyme, 4 tablespoons ketchup and 2 eggs. Pack into well-greased loaf pan ($4\frac{1}{2}$ by 9 inches) and bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about 45 minutes. Turn out immediately onto a warm platter. Serve with Spanish or Tomato Sauce. Eight servings.

Baked Bean Souffle: Mix 1 cup drained, sieved baked beans with 1 teaspoon grated onion and 4 slices cubed, cooked bacon together. Add a white sauce made with 4 tablespoons flour, the bean liquor and enough milk to make the liquid up to 1 cup. Stir in the beaten yolks of 3 eggs, then fold in the 3 stiffly beaten whites. Pour into greased 2-quart casserole and bake in slow oven (325 degrees F.) for 1 hour. Six servings.

Baked Bean Rarebit: To 1 cup baked beans add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon butter and salt to taste. Heat over low flame. Add 1 cup grated Canadian cheese and



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continue heating until cheese is melted. Serve immediately over hot toast or soda biscuits. Four servings.

Baked Bean Cutlets: Mash 2 cups (or 1 can) baked beans and add 1½ to 2 cups cracker crumbs, 2 slightly beaten eggs, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce and ½ teaspoon onion juice. Form into cakes. Roll in cracker crumbs, dip in well-beaten egg and roll in crumbs again. Pan-fry until well browned on both sides and heated through. Serve with chili sauce. Six to eight servings.

Baked Bean Sandwich: Spread cold baked beans on slices of buttered brown bread. Add a little ketchup or chili sauce and onion salt if desired. Serve toasted or plain.

Reprieve

Continued from page 8

either a man or a boy, was beatific; he loved prime ribs of beef. His dark blond hair had lately seen a comb and his suit didn't look as if he had slept in it more than three days. Yes, this was the moment.

"And if we can get that automatic positioning mechanism working right..." he began.

"That'll be something," Chick Harmon nodded approval. His sidekick, Dale York, indicated agreement without diminishing the rhythmic movement of his jaws.

She mustn't let them get started again. She took a deep breath.

"Mrs. Anderson called me this afternoon," she said brightly into the void.

Nobody said anything. There was complete indifference to Mrs. Anderson. Then Anita, whose fast-growing social-consciousness endeared her to her mother, made an effort. "And who," she enquired, not really caring very much, "is Mrs. Anderson?"

Mrs. Pelham thanked her with a smile. "She's the one who helped me so much last year with the Red Cross drive," she said, still brightly. "She has a house guest." Then, when no further reaction appeared, added with a synthetic flourish, "A girl."

The males all looked up at that. To a man they wore the expression of the wary. "She wondered," Mrs. Pelham went on, grasping her fork very tightly indeed, "if you would be willing to take her to the club dance tomorrow night, Johnny."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Johnny, Mom."

"Dear me," said Anita, "he's 16, he is!"

"Pipe down, you," Jonathon said, ready for battle.

"It's a nice dance and it'll be Saturday night, no school in the morning," Mrs. Pelham interrupted, ignoring the interchange. "It would be a courteous thing to do."

"No soap," said Jonathon.

"But Johnny... I mean Jonathon... it would be a change for you. And I owe Mrs. Anderson..."

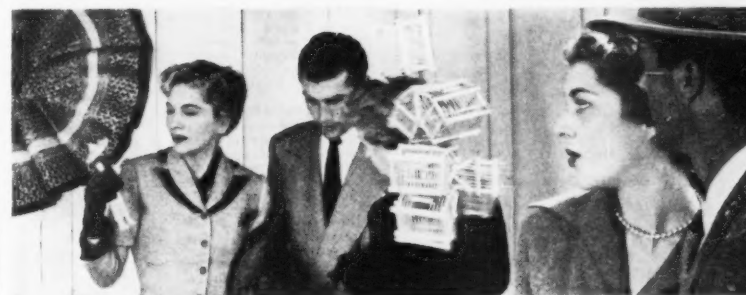
"You don't owe her me," Jonathon observed conclusively. "More potatoes, Pop?"

His father put a heaping spoonful on his plate. "You might listen to your mother, son."



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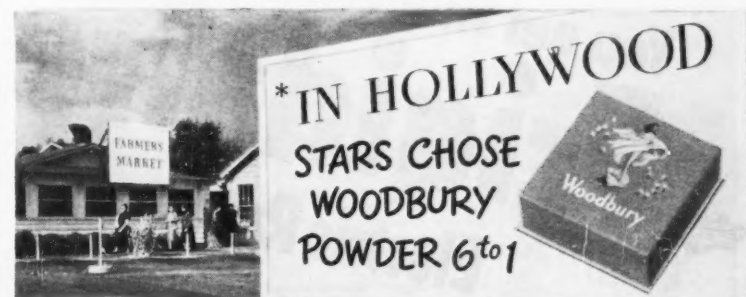


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"I pick my own girls," observed Jonathon. "If any. That crowd's a buncha drips anyway."

"How can you tell, you've never been with them," his mother reminded him. She sighed. She'd do the whole Red Cross drive herself next time. If only she hadn't bludgeoned Mrs. Anderson into all that work.

"I can tell. Anyway I'm going to be busy. We're going to rig up our recording apparatus and make records of the school band and . . ."

"Jonathon!" His mother's voice held a new note. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to go. I told Mrs. Anderson you'd be delighted."

"You what!" Jonathon half rose in his seat with a howl of protest. "But you can't do that! You can't go making dates for me . . . not blind dates with strange females!"

"She's a pretty slick chick," said Dale out of a mouth generously filled with broccoli. He made sculpturing gestures in the air. "I seen . . . saw her this afternoon at school with Susan Anderson." He lifted his face, puckered to a wolf whistle, then added, "Whee!"

"Really, Martha!" Her husband shook his head. Mrs. Pelham favored him with a glance that needed no vocal interpretation.

"I know, Jon," she addressed her son. "I hadn't any real right to do it. But this one time I just had to. She put it to me in such a way . . ."

Her son's blue eyes glared back at her. "You can wear your new tux," she said.

The blue eyes did not waver. "Please?" she said softly.

"No soap."

"But I promised."

"Then just unpromise. The old girl knows better than that. Let her hire herself a gigolo."

"I'll go," said Dale. "I seen . . . I saw her."

"Oh, you will, will you!" Jonathon burned him to a crisp with a glance that might have been aimed at Judas. "And how about that recording we promised . . ."

"You can do that another night," his mother said firmly. "The band plays every Saturday night."

JONATHON ATE in silence. Mr. Pelham looked as if he wanted to laugh. Anita looked brightly curious, Hartley disgusted. The two male guests kept very dead pans.

"And you'd better get your hair cut first thing in the morning if you don't want to wear a ribbon," went on Mrs. Pelham as if it were settled.

"How do I know the girl'll want to go with me?" Jonathon asked in savage desperation. "I'm no prize at dancing."

"According to my chequebook you ought to be," his father observed. "Dancing school for three years."

"That was when I was young," his son said stubbornly. He rumbled his hair viciously, capitulated. "Oh, all right, I'll take the janc, whoever she is. On one condition. That you don't go making any more dates for me. Ever. Not ever."

"I never shall," said his mother whole-heartedly, as one taking the veil. Once is quite enough, she thought, conscience-stricken. She'd done her best that afternoon, but Mrs. Anderson had been obtusely insistent.

"I," said Anita, "feel sorry for the

girl. What a time she's going to have!"

"Pipe down, you!" Jonathon said automatically.

The next morning, the family off to its various schools, Mrs. Pelham sank into a chair in the breakfast room for a second cup of coffee. "Come on, Ann," she said to her faithful cleaning woman, "have a cup of coffee before you start."

Ann shook her head. "I've had mine, Mis' Pelham. An' I'd better git goin'."

"All right, I'll be right up." She drew a deep breath. "And, Ann, never mind Jonathon's room. I'll clean it."

"Yas, ma'am!" said Ann, her black face beaming approval. Ann was an energetic and willing servant, but she drew the line firmly before the door to Jonathon's room. "You jus' be keeful, Mis' Pelham. Someday you'se goin' t' git yerself 'lectrocuted, yas you is. That boy do be havin' more junk in that room. I kin hardly ever git in t' make his bed."

"I know," Mrs. Pelham said. "But . . ."

She didn't finish the sentence. "But it's only a little over a year until he'll be away in college."

Ten minutes later, in spite of her determination to stand between Ann and Jonathon in their eternal feud, she stood in the doorway and shook her head. This was even worse than usual.

The room looked as if it had been stirred by a gigantic spoon. The covers on the bed were in a ball, a blanket trailing off onto the floor, a pillow wedged down between the headboard and the mattress. On the bureau was a remarkable assembly: a pot of glue, a soldering iron with its cord disconsolately looping off to the floor, a pair of discarded socks and a dirty shirt, three radio handbooks, an empty glass which once had contained milk, the skin of a banana, a pile of clean handkerchiefs, a jar of unused skin cleanser, presumably a brush and comb, a script for the junior play and, topping them all, an enormous compression type of high-frequency speaker which had cost more money than she liked to think about.

On the floor was an old car battery, resting thoughtfully on a pile of magazines in the vain hope that no acid would drip on the already battered rug; near it was a handmade record player that looked like something primordial but which worked.

The desk was the masterpiece. It was her desk, a large office type, which she had given over to the cause. How any one piece of furniture could hold so much she did not know. It held a rectifier, a diffusion pump, a great weird multiple transmitter with intricate and mysterious dials, three radios of varying size in various stages of dismantling, a variable voltage transformer and a supercardioid broadcasting microphone whose gleaming metal head looked like a threatening warrior straight out of the middle ages. Over everything in the room—desk, chairs, bureau and ends of the bed—appended wires. Thick and thin, short and long, insulated and uninsulated, most of them connected with the myriad outlets in the walls.

Mrs. Pelham long ago had resigned herself to the electrocution which Ann darkly and weekly predicted. One day they would find her blackened and charred. Very well. She sighed and advanced. She'd tackle the desk first. Lucky she'd saved all those boxes. The smallest things could go into them and

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she'd pile them on the radios, marked, so Jonathon would not emit more than the usual extremely vocal protest which was automatic with him when his room was touched.

"I never can find a thing," he'd wail. Well, let him. If he was going to get decently dressed for the dance he never could do it here, that was certain. She had waited nearly a week for him to finish his current project, after which, he assured her, he'd put everything away.

She smiled as she saw the large note pushed to the back of the desk. Ann had left it there last week. Ann loved to write notes. She had torn a two-foot piece from a roll of shelf paper. "Jonathon," it read in her heavy scrawl, "why not take all this junk to the attic and have a nice neat room for a chains." Ann's solutions were direct and simple. As much chance as to stop the flow of Niagara River.

Three hours later Mrs. Pelham looked around in satisfaction. The bed was freshly made with a clean spread replacing the rumpled one. Magazines were piled together, wires neatly coiled, tools placed in drawers where Jonathon never in the world would be able to find them. One large box contained an assortment of articles, the names and functions of which were a complete mystery to her. A fresh desk blotter gave the desk an unnatural air of expectancy. The hooded microphone jeered. Mrs. Pelham ignored it and hung the freshly pressed dinner jacket in the clothes press. There!

At seven that night Jonathon, reluctantly and under duress, took a bath. A half-hour later he emerged from his room and walked down the stairs at a civilized rate instead of the usual three jumps. Mrs. Pelham's heart turned over.

GONE WERE the rumpled hair, the dark-edged fingernails with which she waged a constant and losing battle, the tieless sweatshirt, the drooping socks. From them there had emerged another being she did not know. And was not sure she liked.

Jonathon's lanky six feet were encased in the faultlessly pressed dinner clothes. His white shirt was immaculate and unblemished, his tie at the absolute right angle, a snowy handkerchief arranged in correct pleats in his breast pocket. His dark blond hair was brushed and burnished until it gleamed pale gold in the light from the living room lamps. He had shaved, a concession to the occasion. His shoes glistened. He was completely and terribly grownup.

"You look . . . you look elegant," his mother said weakly.

"How about some lettuce?" he said, ignoring her comment, though he would have been disappointed had it not been forthcoming. "Or am I supposed to take this jane on my allowance? If so, she's in for a thin time. I've exactly 47 cents after buying those microswitch actuators."

His father silently took out his billfold and selected a bill. "Want me to drive?"

"The Andersons are going to drive over," Mrs. Pelham said hastily, forestalling Jonathon's suggestion that he take the car. "Some friends of Susan's are going to bring them home."

"How perfectly ducky," said Jonathon. He grunted. He shrugged himself into his overcoat, ignoring his rubbers.

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INGREDIENTS: (Use standard, level measurements)

- | | |
|------------------------------------|--------------------|
| ½ cup Swift'ning | 1 tsp. salt |
| 2 cups sifted cake flour | ¾ cup milk |
| 1¼ cups sugar | 1 tsp. vanilla |
| 3 tps. double-acting or | 2 eggs |
| 4 tps. single-acting baking powder | 1 cup chopped nuts |

Step 1: Place quick-mixing Swift'ning in bowl. Sift together flour, sugar, baking powder, salt into bowl. Add milk and vanilla. Beat 2 min. medium speed of electric mixer, or by hand at 150 strokes per min. Throughout mixing time keep batter scraped from sides and bottom of bowl.

Step 2: Add eggs. Beat for 1½ min. Add nuts. Beat ½ minute more. Scrape bowl

and beaters. Pour equal amounts of batter in 2 of my heart-shaped cake pans. Bake about 30 min. 375° F.

To decorate: Make 7-minute frosting, tinted palest pink. Reserve small portion for lettering. Spread frosting between layers and over top and sides of cake. Make "corsages" by breaking tooth-picks in half and forcing through centre of small paper doilies. (Use 2 doilies

for each corsage, one smaller than the other.) Stick heart-shaped gum drops on tooth-picks. Tint reserved portion of icing. Force through pastry tube for Valentine greeting.

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¾ cup Jewel Shortening 2½ cups sifted cake flour
 1½ cups sugar ¾ tsp. soda
 1 tsp. salt 2 tsp. single-acting baking
 1 tsp. vanilla powder (1½ tsp. double-acting)
 2 eggs ½ cup cocoa
 1½ cups buttermilk or sour milk*

Cream Jewel Shortening—it creams so easily, so *quickly*. Add sugar, salt and vanilla. Cream until fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour, soda, baking powder and cocoa. Add alternately with buttermilk, adding flour first and last. Mix until thoroughly blended. Line bottoms of two 9" pans with brown paper. Pour equal amounts of batter into each pan. Bake at oven temperature 375°F. about 33 minutes.

*To make 1 cup sour milk, place 1 tsp. vinegar in measuring cup and fill with sweet milk. To make ½ cup sour milk, place 1 tsp. vinegar in measuring cup and fill to ½ cup mark with sweet milk.

FROSTING

2 cups sugar 2 egg whites
 1 tsp. corn syrup green colouring
 ½ cup water mint flavouring
 ⅛ tsp. salt

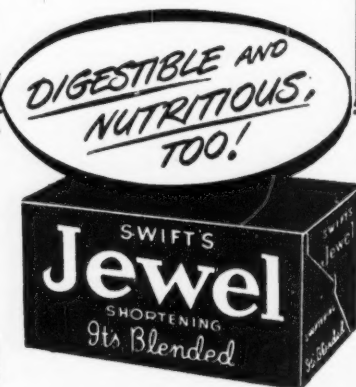
Mix the sugar, corn syrup, water and egg whites together. Cook over hot water, beating continuously until frosting stands in peaks. Add a few drops of green colouring and one or two drops of mint flavouring;

beat and use as filling and frosting. Top with sliced Brazil nuts. Bake this luxurious Jewel cake. Tomorrow, get Swift's Jewel—the shortening that creams quicker!



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Reluctantly he took himself toward the front door. "Good thing they only live a block away," he said darkly. And went out, closing the door with unnecessary firmness.

"You know, Martha," Mr. Pelham said, secure in their unusual privacy since the other two had gone to the early movie, "I doubt the wisdom of this."

"I do too," admitted Mrs. Pelham. "Now. It seemed all right yesterday."

"That's a fairly sophisticated crowd at the club. I've watched them when I've happened to be there. And I saw this girl going into Anderson's with Susan when I came home tonight. Looked fairly high-powered."

His wife turned the pages of her magazine very fast. "Oh, dear, he'll hate it. I'm afraid Anita is right. That poor girl is going to have a terrible time."

"Hmmm," said her husband, giving her no succor. "I wonder, now."

Jonathon, she thought, would return early. He'd make the evening as short as he courteously could. She wasn't even too sure he would be courteous about it, either.

At midnight he had not returned. Twelve-thirty came, then one. Mr. Pelham yawned. "Well, I'm turning in. Time this family got settled."

"You go along," Mrs. Pelham said. "I'll wait."

Her husband grinned. "You may have a wait," he said.

"He never stays out much longer than this. He'll be along."

"You hope," said Mr. Pelham dryly.

At two Mrs. Pelham was all but pacing the floor. It took a conscious effort to keep from plastering her nose against the window. Jonathon would be furious at the protraction of his misery. Well, she had learned her lesson. Never again.

At two-thirty she heard his whistle. Loud and clear and with an unmistakable lilt in it. Her heart was fluid as she listened. Whistling in the dark. "God keep his whistle safe," she said, out of the fear which lives in every mother's heart.

He swung open the door with a sudden burst of noise. He sailed his hat at the hall light where it hung rakishly, shrugged himself out of his coat and collapsed into a chair.

"My dogs are barking," he announced. "Got anything to eat?"

Mrs. Pelham, grateful for the opportunity, nodded. "There's some roast beef left," she said. She wanted to question him but now was not the time. He should have looked tired but there was a glow about him that denied the faintest suggestion of fatigue for all his elaborate pretense of collapse.

"Good!" He bounced out of the chair, forgetting his feet, and followed her to the kitchen where he successfully managed to get thoroughly in her way. He gave her an offhand bearhug. "That'll be swell. All they had was cokes and thin little sandwiches, took four of 'em to make a mouthful. I'm starved. Got some milk?"

"One glass," his mother said. "Leave enough for breakfast. The milkman doesn't come until 10. Have a good time?"

"Ummm. How about some mustard? Ketchup's most gone out of this bottle."

He ate prodigiously, then went on up to bed, whistling as he went and oblivious to the sleeping members of the family.

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Mrs. Pelham did not sleep very well that night.

The next day was no better. Jonathon was up, for a wonder, the first time she called him instead of the fourth. He appeared at breakfast clean, shining, his hair carefully combed, garbed in a whole suit with coat and trousers which matched. His shirt was white and he wore a tie.

"Ye gods, look at him!" said Anita. Hartley snorted. "Fancy pants."

Their brother regarded them loftily. "Small fry," he said with the utmost good nature.

Silently Mrs. Pelham handed him hot toast. She caught a quizzical gleam in her husband's eye and looked hastily away. "What hath God wrought!" she heard him murmur under his breath.

The following week was the longest of Mrs. Pelham's life.

JONATHON'S ROOM remained immaculate. No wires were trailed about it, no apparatus was strewn at convenient spots on the floor. The amplifier on the kitchen shelf was strangely, ominously silent. Jonathon spent what little time he was at home in pressing trousers and then disappeared up the street in the general direction of the Anderson house. Usually he phoned that he would not be home to dinner, Mrs. Anderson wanted him to eat with them. He would return too late in the evening, dash at his books in a frantic effort to do four hours of homework in one, tumble into bed. He took baths without being coerced and smelled of shaving lotion and talcum powder. Dale and Chick did not appear after the first battery of fruitless telephone calls. His fraternity brothers complained that he hadn't attended the weekly meeting. The Hi-Y wanted to know what he was doing about the decorations for the father-and-son banquet, if anything. The house was too horribly quiet and the stairway runner, undisturbed by his jumping down the stairs, looked oddly peaceful. When making his bed one day Mrs. Pelham saw that he had opened his bank and removed the contents, carefully cherished, heretofore, toward a new loudspeaker he needed. "Well," said Mr. Pelham, "it's a change."

"Yes," she said. And one I don't like, she thought. What a fool she'd been, not to let well enough alone.

At the end of the second week Mrs. Pelham could stand it no longer. She had to do something, she did not know exactly what; she couldn't just sit by and let this go on. She had to see that girl. Maybe she could make her understand . . . Usually she tried her best not to interfere, but this was her fault and she had to find out precisely what she had done.

Late that afternoon, dressed in her best, she called at the Anderson home. She carried literature for the Community Charity drive. "I should have delivered this a week ago," she apologized to Mrs. Anderson who greeted her effusively and all but pulled her inside for tea.

Mrs. Anderson was a tall thin vivacious woman who believed in keeping up with the young. Her manner was consciously arch. "It is good of you to stop by. I've been wanting to tell you what a grand boy you have, Mrs. Pelham. We all think he's simply wonderful."

"He has his moments," Mrs. Pelham admitted, not committing herself too far. She didn't need Mrs. Anderson to tell her that. She looked hopefully around the living room. No sign of the girl.

"We'll have tea in just a moment. And I want you to meet Ruth." Mrs. Anderson disappeared into the back of the house and came back in a few minutes with a loaded tray and one of the most beautiful girls Mrs. Pelham ever had seen.

"This is Ruth Waverly," Mrs. Anderson said proudly. "My niece, you know. Ruth, this is Jonathon's mother, Mrs. Pelham."

MRS. PELHAM repressed a desire to gape. In one swift glance she had learned all she had come to find out. She also knew that she could do nothing here. No subtle hints would be effective. Emery had been right, this girl was a high-powered sort. Tall, slim, sleek raven hair in a chignon, and sophistication written in every seductive line and curve of her. Much, much too old for Jonathon, whatever her chronological age. The knowing make-up, the deadpan expression which Mrs. Pelham instantly knew would go with brittle conversation, the languid cigarette—much too old, too knowing, too selfish and subtle for Jonathon. Mrs. Pelham's heart ached for him. And she was helpless.

She did not change expression, however. "How do you do, Miss Waverly," she said quietly. The girl smiled, inclined her head in acknowledgment, perfectly poised. She was not in the least disturbed at meeting Jonathon's mother after two weeks of monopolizing him.

"You are, I hope, having a pleasant visit," Mrs. Pelham said, accepting a cup of tea.

Ruth Waverly assented indifferently. "Very nice," she said.

"I've been trying to persuade her to stay longer," Mrs. Anderson said. "We've had such a gay good time since Ruth's been here. Dances, dinners at the club and all."

"I'll wager you have," Mrs. Pelham said silently.

"Another week, perhaps," Ruth Waverly conceded as though it were no great moment. "You have a most attractive son, Mrs. Pelham."

As soon as she could Mrs. Pelham made her escape. She walked slowly home, her thoughts bitter, her face flaming. And she had asked for it! Without putting it into words she knew what this girl could do to Jonathon, what she intended to do. The girl was the sort who gathered scalps as a pastime. Jonathon would be a mere baby in her hands, for all his great length.

The next week dragged. The hands of the clock were weighted. Just this week, then the girl would be gone. Maybe. Mrs. Pelham was not too sure that Ruth Waverly would tire of her games quite that quickly.

With a little thud she replaced the book she had picked up from a table. Well, she wasn't just going to sit here and look on. It was her fault that Jonathon was in this and it was up to her to get him out as painlessly as possible. She'd do something about it. She'd fill Jonathon's life so full he wouldn't have time to think about Ruth Waverly or anyone of her ilk.

Continued on page 45

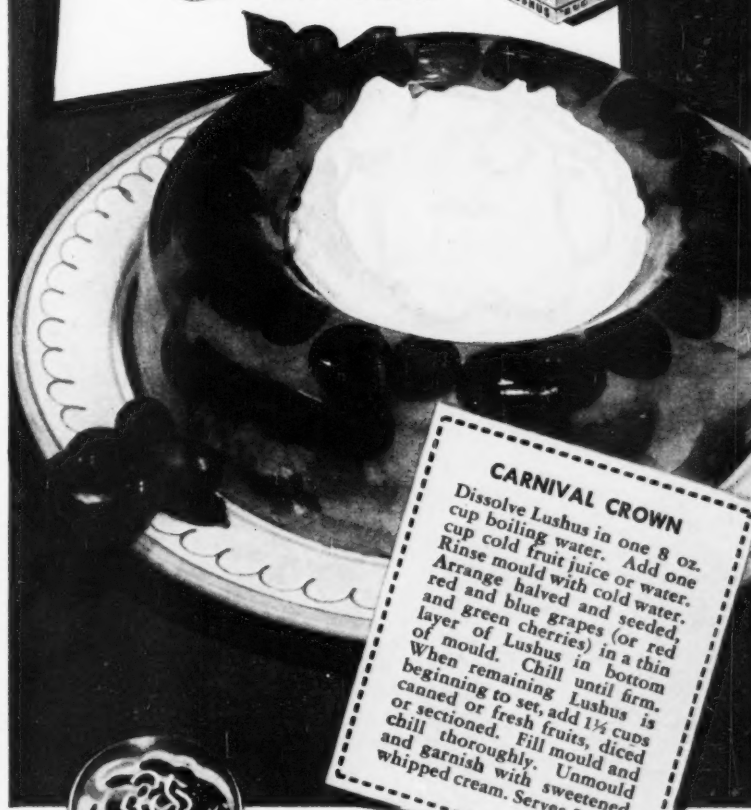


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SHIRRIFF'S Lushus



CARNIVAL CROWN
Dissolve Lushus in one 8 oz. cup boiling water. Add one cup cold fruit juice or water. Rinse mould with cold water. Arrange halved and seeded, red and blue grapes (or red and green cherries) in a thin layer of Lushus in bottom of mould. Chill until firm. When remaining Lushus is beginning to set, add 1 1/4 cups canned or fresh fruits, diced or sectioned. Fill mould and chill thoroughly. Unmould and garnish with sweetened whipped cream. Serves 5 or 6.



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FREE — "Velvet Blend Book" of many other delicious money-saving recipes. Carnation Company Limited, Dept. 20, Toronto, Ont., or Vancouver, B.C. or St. John's, Nfld.

LISTEN to Carnation's "Contented Hour" — a half-hour of delightful music. Sunday nights on the CBC Dominion Network. See your newspaper for time and station.

CARNATION Velvet Fudge

3 squares (3 oz.) unsweetened chocolate
3 cups sugar
2 tablespoons corn syrup

1 cup Carnation Milk, undiluted
3 tablespoons butter
1 teaspoon vanilla

Cut chocolate over sugar into 2 quart saucepan. Add corn syrup and Carnation Milk. Place over medium heat, stirring until sugar dissolves and chocolate melts. Bring to boiling; cover and cook 2 minutes. Uncover and cook, stirring occasionally, to 234° F. or until soft ball forms when a small amount of mixture is dropped into cold water. Remove from heat. Add butter and let cool without stirring until mixture is 110° F. or pan is cool enough to hold in palm of hand. Add vanilla and beat until thick and no longer glossy. Spread in buttered pan. When firm, cut in squares. Makes 1½ pounds.

VARIATIONS: Just before turning beaten candy into buttered pan add one of the following:

NUT FUDGE: ¼ to 1 cup broken nut meats.

COCONUT FUDGE: ½ cup shredded coconut.

RAISIN ROLL: ½ cup raisins and ½ cup nut meats. Form fudge into roll, chill and slice.



"from Contented Cows"

The Institute Says

Sew With Your Iron

That's the secret of a well-finished suit or dress. Use your iron after you've stitched each seam—whether you're making children's overalls or your own spring wardrobe

Use a tailor's cushion for pressing shoulder seams, darts, lapels and curved seams. You can make one by rolling a Turkish towel into a firm ball and covering it with a smooth cloth. You'll need a well-padded ironing board and a sleeve board too.

Always use a pressing cloth when pressing with a dry iron. Use one with a steam iron, too, when pressing fabrics that may pick up a "shine." (A commercial pressing cloth is a good investment.)

Prevent seam marks by pressing seams on covered rolling pin or a rolled magazine. Lightly press seams open, from bottom of seam up, holding the seams open with your fingers and pressing them flat. If there should be a slight iron mark at each side of the seam, remove it by sliding the iron under the seam edges on the wrong side of the garment.

To ease in sleeves: When sleeve has been fitted into armhole and basted into position, press as follows: Holding shoulder and top of sleeve together—inside of sleeve up—lay armhole seam over one end of tailor's cushion. Press from outer edge of seam into sleeve—no more than 1 inch beyond seam line. Stitch and press again.

To ease in hem fullness: After marking true hemline and straightening edge, place skirt inside out on ironing board. Turn hem up and baste lower edge. Then run gathers at top edge of hem, easing fullness so that hem lies flat on skirt. Distribute gathers and press from bottom of hem into the skirt. Very slight fullness will probably shrink in; greater fullness will be pleated in by the iron. Finish with seam binding or turn in raw edge and hem. Press again on wrong side.

Press darts on all lightweight materials with the fold toward centre back or centre front—whichever the case may be. If dart is very wide or fabric is very heavy, slash it along the fold and press open as for a seam.

Press outside yoke, pocket or placket seams before stitching. First turn in seam allowance, catching the edge with pins or basting threads. Then press to a sharp edge. This edge will be a guide for evenly spaced outside stitching when the yoke or pocket is finally in place.



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She'd start with dinner for Chick and Dale and some girls from high school. Then she'd ask other young ones in to dance. They'd take up the living room rug and she'd buy some new records. She'd have a buffet in the dining room, not just the usual coke and potato chips. She'd do it right, get Prentis to serve it in style and forget the budget. And she wouldn't ask Ruth Waverly.

In a whirlwind of action Mrs. Pelham started her campaign. She made lists. She ordered new records. She engaged Prentis for Saturday night and agreed to the expensive food he proposed to bring with him. She bought invitations and paper hats and crackers. She went to the library and found new games; she bought prizes. Recklessly she filled a shopping bag with candy for the paper baskets which would add color to the buffet table, with nuts for munching, with tall tapering candles for the silver candlesticks. Tonight she'd tell Jonathon and he could mail the invitations.

THAT NIGHT he came into the house early. He entered with the strange quietness he had exhibited the past two and a half weeks, but there was no whistle. Soberly he hung up his hat and coat, put his rubbers neatly in line in the back hall instead of kicking them off to land where they would. He sat down in a chair in the living room and picked up a magazine at which he stared fixedly without turning pages. At dinner that night he was oblivious to the slings and arrows of his brother and sister. Something had happened.

His mother managed to get him alone. "I thought we'd have a party Saturday night," she said cheerfully. "Prentis can come and I bought some new records, the latest dance ones."

He smiled but the smile did not reach his eyes. "We'll see," he said. "Hate to put you to all that work." That was all. Mrs. Pelham did not press it then. Better wait until morning.

Jonathon went to bed early, taking himself quietly up the stairs without having to be urged.

His mother longed to go after him, to tell him he would live through this. She wished she might take the bitterness for him, wished it might have come differently, that the radiance of it might have lasted a little longer for him if it had to come.

The girl had gone home, she supposed, and he was desolate.

He had no way of knowing that this would not last. She sighed. This was the inevitable and terrible vulnerability of youth. Trouble has no past and no future. It just is, blanketing all of youth's world. Suddenly Mrs. Pelham knew that age was good. You did learn to turn your shoulder to the storm, to outwait it, to know that somehow you would live through it and that the day would come when it ended. It would be so with Jonathon, of course, but it would take with it a little of his youth. Bitterly she regretted her own part in this premature lesson her son was learning. Determinedly she took up her lists.

She stole into his room late that night, ostensibly to adjust his windows as she sometimes did. He was awake, staring at the ceiling.

"Good night, Jon," she said, wanting to kiss him good night but not daring to risk it.

Continued on page 49

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Simplicity
3068

Simplicity
3067

Simplicity
3107

Simplicity
3106

The In-Between-Season Dress

No. 3106. A one-piece dress for now and later. Make it in navy to set off your prettiest, most flowery hat. Note the soft gathers releasing fullness across the bustline. The skirt gathers fullness at the front by careful flares and gores.

No. 3068. At last! Half-size patterns which look and feel young. This one has detachable collar and cuffs; a nice touch in white pique, and very stylish this year. Vertical pockets are featured on the sides and the slimming skirt has a deep inverted pleat in the front with gentle pleats at the side.

No. 3067. The fashion for coat dresses continues. The neckline is scalloped to meet the buttons. The collar and cuffs are a pretty touch when made in eyelet or embroidered. It's as easy to make as it is to wear.

No. 3107. If you wear a half size and want a suit-dress scaled to your proportions this is it! A fitted and belted jacket tops a slim-line skirt. Both the jacket and skirt are detailed with top stitching, as well as the cuffed patch pockets.

For pattern description and details for ordering see page 49

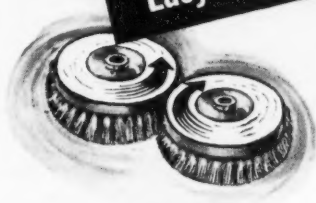
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Look What's Happened To Sewing!

by Mildred Spicer
Fashion Editor



They've taken the sighing out of sewing. Handy new gadgets make it easier, faster, and much more interesting

The Tailor Tacker . . . Here's a sewing accessory (see above) that makes those bothersome tailor tacks for you. Two metal arms automatically chalk-mark your tailor tacks on both sides of the fabric in one operation. Chalk refills are available in different colors. About a dollar and a half.

Good Light . . . an essential for good sight. Ever tried to sew on black at night? Then you know the value of a light to fasten on your machine. We guarantee straighter seams and sharper eyesight. About four dollars.

Ripping Seams . . . Since one good stitch deserves another, better get busy and rip that crooked seam. Easy does it with a seam ripper. Looks like a sewing machine needle with a Lilliputian-size razor blade at the end and fits into the needle bar to slice its way through the unwanted stitches. About one dollar.

Hold That Hemline . . . All the talk about shorter skirts makes it important that you know which length is best for you. Mark your skirt with the pin skirt marker and see for yourself which length is best. The marker pins easily and quickly. About one dollar.

Button Cover Up . . . Just think of the time and money you can save by covering your own buttons! Here's how. Two ways. First one is to buy the necessary equipment (about \$3). Second one is to buy a card of aluminum buttons with snap-on backs. Unsnap the back, lay your material over the button and snap the back on holding the material firmly under it. Card about 25c.

Did You Know . . . that notching outward avoids weakening of seams . . . there's a rule for stitching? Always stitch from the wide to the narrow part . . . that shears with a nine-inch blade are the best kind to use for dressmaking and should never be used for cutting paper dolls? . . . that you can buy a needle threader?

Press as You Sew . . . The experts advise that you press as you go. The cloth to do the job is a special, chemically treated fabric which prevents puckering, sticking and protects your garment from shine, lint, scorch. Lasts for years and does a big job at a little price. About one dollar.

What You Should Know About Nylon . . . It's shrink-sag-and stretch-resistant as well as quick drying and durable. Because of these characteristics nylon has become one of the most popular fabrics. Now that you can buy nylon by the yard make sure you know how to sew on it. It will tend to fray so allow for plenty of seams. Use very sharp shears, needles and pins when working with it. Nylon fabrics may be sewn with any fine thread: nylon, silk, or mercerized cotton. If you use nylon thread loosen the tension of both needle thread and bobbin thread to prevent puckering. Never leave raw edges on a nylon garment because they will unravel. Press nylon as you would rayon.

Buttonhole News . . . Now you can buy an attachment for your machine to make the buttonholes for you. It's not hard to use and a wonderful worker in the sewing machine. About \$12.

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*TRADE MARK REG. IN CANADA

Continued from page 45

"Good night, mother," he said. It
seemed a long time since he had called
her Mom.

SATURDAY MORNING Jonathon
was up bright and early though he
usually slept late on Saturday, the one
concession he made to sleep. Mrs.
Pelham, getting breakfast in the kitchen,
listened. There were thumps overhead
and jumps. The radio was on full blast.

Ten minutes later he came down
the stairs in three jumps. She knew how
the stair runner would look. His hair
was combed in the front, only. She was
quite sure he had washed his face—in
cold water. He wore a sweatshirt
and baggy trousers over socks that
drooped.

"Can't I have some eggs?" he de-
manded. He had scorned them all week.

Mrs. Pelham silently took a bowl of
eggs from the refrigerator, scrambled
three of them.

"Date this morning?" she asked, very
busy at the stove.

"Nope," said Jonathon, "not me."

"Oh, I thought maybe the girls . . ."

"Girls!" said Jonathon. He packed
more scorn in it than one small word
could contain. It overflowed. "What
d'you think of that Waverly character,
Mom! Pretending she was interested in
recording and all the time she just
wanted some jellybean to guy her
around, that was all. And me chump
enough to record all the swing bands
for her! Chick heard her telling one of
the kids. Taking me for a ride, the drip."

"It takes all kinds," said his mother.

"You're telling me! Cost me all my
lettuce for platters, too, darn it. Oh,
well, we'll get that school band recorded
tonight."

His mother paused, his glass only
partly filled with milk. She set the
bottle on the table. "I had planned a
party for you tonight," she said slowly.
"You could telephone the gang. Prentis
is coming to do the buffet and . . ."

He swallowed the milk in two gulps.
He stood up and, towering over her,
rumped her hair in the gesture which,
until now, she usually ducked. "That'd
be swell, Mom. Only not Prentis, he's
too stuffy. Why don't you and Pop have
some of your characters in and . . ."

"But . . ."

"And I'll bring the band gang over
after rehearsal. We can use the game
room downstairs, like it better anyway."

Mrs. Pelham managed a smile. Her
mind went over the list of her friends
she would call—the ones with teen-agers
who would understand the din which
would ascend from the game room.

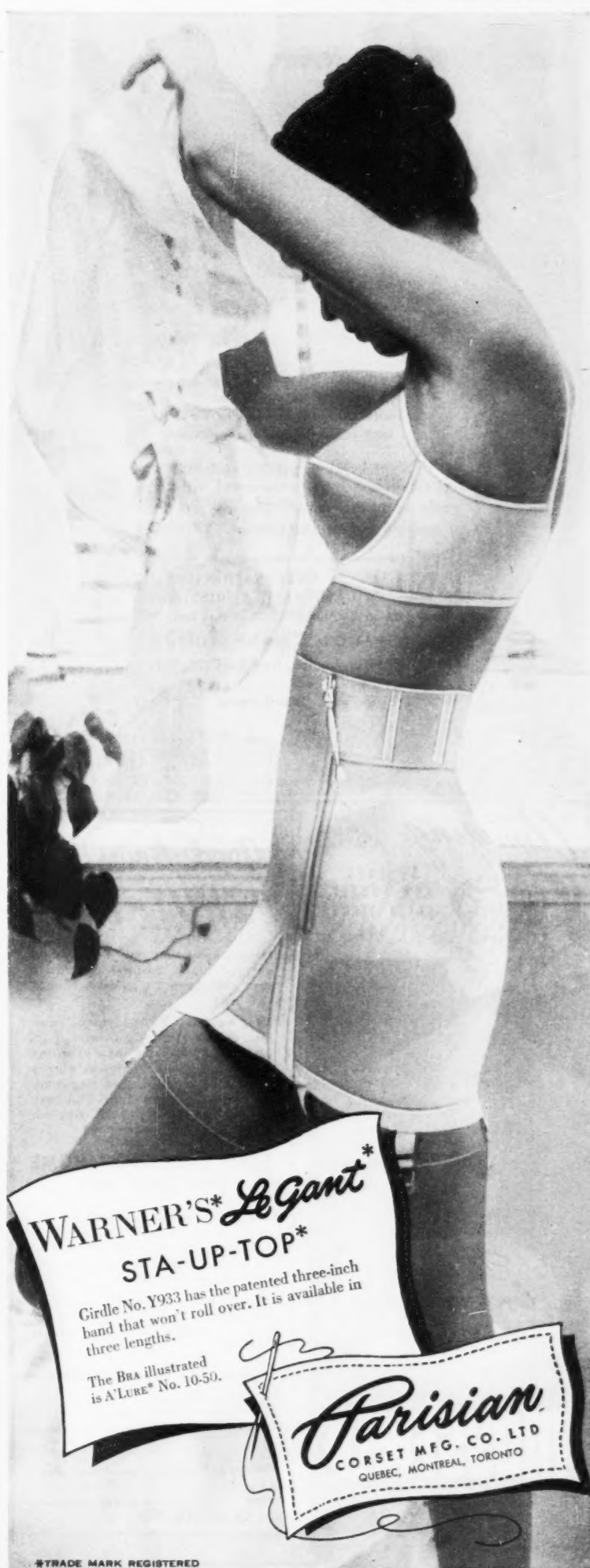
"That would be swell," she answered
him in his own jargon. Then she
grasped the nettle firmly. "Hadden't you
better ask Ruth Waverly, or has she
gone home?"

Continued on page 58

Pattern Descriptions

- 3106—One-piece dress in half sizes: 14½,
16½, 18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 18½: 4 of
39". 25c.
- 3108—Dress in half sizes: 14½, 16½, 18½,
20½, 22½, 24½. Size 18½: 4½ of 35". Dickey
and detachable cuffs: 1½ of 25". 25c.
- 3107—Dress in half sizes: 14½, 16½, 18½,
20½, 22½, 24½. Size 18½: 4½ of 35". Collar
and cuffs: ¼ of 35" eyelet embroidered
material. 25c.
- 3107—Two-piece suit with detachable dickey
and sleeve trim in half sizes: 14½, 16½,
18½, 20½, 22½, 24½. Size 18½: 4½ of 35".
Contrasting dickey and sleeve trim: 1½ of
35". 25c.

Simplicity patterns may be obtained from
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pattern department of Chatelaine Magazine,
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.



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People are Fiends

Continued from page 5

Stephany opened her purse and reassured herself that her last two nickels were still there. A white-jacketed waiter had his head under the counter directly in front of her and she waited patiently for him to straighten up so she could order her usual—coffee.

He finally straightened up and said, "Surprise!" with great triumph, right in Stephany's face. The waiter, tonight, was Mr. Doran.

"You!" gasped Stephany, furiously.

"I got trapped," explained Mr. Doran, smiling. "The regular man is off getting married. Everyone ought to get married, don't you think?"

"I suppose it's all right," admitted Stephany, glaring at Mr. Doran, "if one has nothing more exciting to look forward to. Coffee, please. Lots of cream." She hated cream, but it was nourishing and cost nothing extra.

Mr. Doran set his jaw and launched a counterattack. "We have a special, tonight. Tasty, filling chicken soup and a thick steak. Let me bring you that. My treat, of course."

Stephany almost gave in, but she caught herself and stubbornly shook her head. To take anything from Mr. Doran, she realized, would be like agreeing to open negotiations, which she had steadfastly refused to do since he had started his sitdown strike in her heart.

"Just coffee, please," she managed.

Mr. Doran frowned his disapproval, and when he finally brought the order, he placed a full pint bottle beside the cup. "And lots of cream," he said, morosely. "Why don't you give up?"

"Give up what?" asked Stephany, sweetly. "You?"

"No," said Mr. Doran, doggedly. "I mean this sitting around here hoping some big shot will come in and see you and rush right up and hand you a big fat contract. Believe me, it won't happen."

"It's happened to other people," said Stephany. "Right here."

"You are right," admitted Mr. Doran. "But it won't happen to you. A lot of big shots have been in during the week. And where's your big fat contract? What makes you so stubborn, anyway?"

Stephany hated the word "stubborn" when applied to her. All of her life her mother had used that word on her and had often hinted, darkly, that Stephany McGuinness was by way of becoming the spitting image of her Grandfather Steve McGuinness. "He," Stephany's mother said, "once won a world's fair grand prize for stubbornness."

"I am not stubborn," Stephany informed Mr. Doran, a little hotly. "I'm just patient and that is a lot different. Patience is a virtue. My grandfather, on my tenth birthday, wrote me a beautiful letter about it."

"That I would like to see," jeered Mr. Doran. "Who translated it for you? A mule?"

That struck too close to home. Nettled, Stephany extracted a worn, folded sheet of paper from an envelope in her purse. Emotionally, she read:

"Being a poor man, I can give you naught but advice. But do you see a star, my darling, that you want

more than all the other stars, then fly toward it with all your strength and be never afraid of the long leaps or the hard chances. And if weariness should come your way and your strength should fail, do not believe it, but hold fast. The miracle will happen if you but keep the faith."

"Let me see that," demanded Mr. Doran, and snatched the sheet away before Stephany could do anything about it. Frowning, the young man reread the boldly flowing script that filled the page from top to bottom. When he handed the letter back, he said, "There's something wrong with that."

"If there is," said Stephany, "I fail to see it."

"Well there is," declared Mr. Doran. "I don't know just what, but there's something haywire, and I'll prove it. Grandpas aren't always so right, anyway. Mine wanted me to be a blacksmith, because he didn't think the automobile had any future." Then he turned away as some customers at the other end of the counter began complaining about the service.

Stephany frowned at Mr. Doran's broad back and tried gallantly not to believe that she, too, thought there was something wrong with Grandpa Steve's philosophy. This coffee would take her last dime and all that would be left in her purse, then, besides Grandpa Steve's letter, would be the notice to vacate her room due to nonpayment of rent. If any miracles were going to happen, they would have to happen soon.

Stephany gasped and jumped when Mr. Doran crept up and banged a tray down on the counter before her. On the tray were three bowls of rich, steaming soup and three platters of steak, French fries and toasted bun. "This People Are Fiends program kills me," said Mr. Doran, brightly.

Reaching out for something to make her unaware of the food in front of her, Stephany, for the first time, became conscious of a well-fed-sounding voice pouring out of the speakers over the fountain back bar.

"In exactly five minutes," the voice advised her, "we will give out tonight's big telephone quiz question. Remember, the first one to get through on one of the three telephones set up here on the studio stage, gets the first chance to answer the question and . . ."

"Soup," said Mr. Doran, cheerfully, "and steak." Then he began to lift those items from the tray and place them before her.

"I did not order those things," claimed Stephany, stoutly.

"But I distinctly heard you," argued Mr. Doran.

"Hush up!" hissed Stephany, straining her ears. "Please."

"If none of the first three people to call have the correct answer," the speakers said, "more wonderful things will be added to the already fabulous list of prizes. As of now there is a jeep and a wonderful trailer, completely equipped for four. A complete fishing outfit. Coupons good for 200 gallons of gasoline. Two weeks' provisions for that wonderful vacation trip . . ."

"Well," said Mr. Doran, "if I made a mistake, that's my hard luck. Naturally, there won't be any charge, so you might as well eat the stuff."

Stephany clasped her hands together so they would not shake or do anything

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she did not want them to do—like striking Mr. Doran.

"Tonight's special phone number," the speakers advised her, "is Orange—Three, Five, Six, One. Get set now. Three minutes to go."

"There's odds for you," jeered Mr. Doran. "One chance in a million. That would even exhaust your grandpa's patience. Eat your soup while it's hot."

He went on down the counter with his tray and Stephany kept her mind off the food he left behind by mentally converting the prizes mentioned into things she needed—rent, clothes, groceries, etc. It would take some kind of a miracle to get the first call through. On top of that there was the question. But according to Grandpa Steve's letter, something was due to happen. Stephany was positive she had kept the faith up to the limit of human endurance. Slipping from the stool, she walked swiftly across the store and ducked into the one phone booth that was empty.

She knew a trick about saving time with a dial-type phone. If you dialed the prefix and all of the numbers but the last one, that held the circuit open. Then, when the exact moment arrived, you dialed the last digit and the call was completed. Opening her purse, Stephany found one of her two nickels, dropped it into the coin slot and dialed Orange, Three, Five, Six, and waited, trying to assemble the answers to everything she could think of, in her mind.

The last thing she finally thought of made her turn cold with panic. Coffee cost a dime in this place and she could well imagine what Mr. Doran would try to make of it if he had to pay her check. She had to get that nickel back. Baffled and frustrated, she reached for the receiver hook to break the call and cause the coin to be returned.

It would have been all right if, at the same time, she had not looked to see if Mr. Doran had noted her absence. He had. He was leaning on the counter, broadcasting an enormous scowl her way. So, in reaching for the receiver hook, her arm brushed the dial circle and there was an ominous series of clicks. Inadvertently, she had dialed some number and unless she got a busy signal or no answer, the nickel was doomed.

"Here is the question!" shouted the speakers. "What was the first name of the wife of the fourth President of the United States?"

"Ohhhh!" groaned Stephany and stabbed for the One on the dial, just in case. But she was too late. The ringing signal was already sounding in the receiver and the speakers were raucous with, "People Are Fiends! You are the first to call. You have five seconds to answer the question."

For four seconds Stephany stared dumfounded at the receiver in her hand. That startling information had come out of there, too. The miracle had happened. Accidentally, and with perfect timing, she had dialed the right number. "Dolly!" she finally screamed.

"You are right," the voice assured her. "You are absolutely correct. What is your name, please?"

"My name," said Stephany, and then she wondered what had happened to the lights. They went out, all at once.

THE LIGHTS came on, slowly, and to the accompaniment of an aromatic odor Stephany wished would go away.

Continued on page 53

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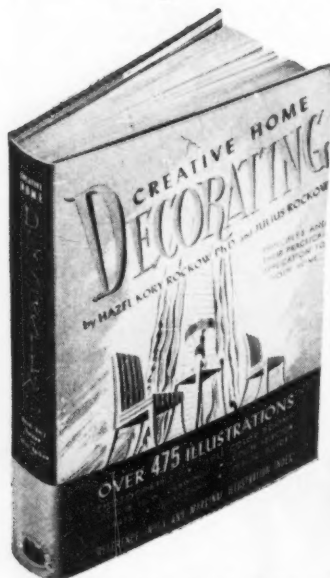
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JOHN CAULFIELD SMITH

Home Planning Editor

OF COURSE it's only in a large house that a whole room can be set aside for sewing. In most homes space is precious and the sewing room must be combined with some other room. Perhaps it'll be a dining room or bedroom, maybe a laundry or recreation room. In any event, having a room with two functions poses a problem. It's not possible after a bout with pins and needles to escape without tidying up. No, ma'am! The mess has to be picked up and the remnants tucked away.

This is where planned storage space comes in. Build storage units—drawers, cupboards, closets—along one wall. Only a few square feet are required and most of the floor area is left free. Put doors or pull-across curtains on your storage wall to hide the contents.

For design suggestions, study the sketch above. In the foreground is the cutting table, faced with linoleum, which folds up into the wall when not in use. A good size for the table is 60 in. long by 28 in. wide. It should stand approximately 37 in. above the floor. When the sewing room is combined with the dining room or bedroom, a plywood tray mounted on felt-tipped legs can be placed on top of the table or bed at the required height and will serve admirably well. If the legs fold, so much the better since it makes the tray easier to store.

Press as you sew is an essential rule in dressmaking, so the ironing board is located near the sewing machine. It folds compactly in the niche to the left of the window. On the right are shelves for storing cloth and drawers for sewing materials. The top drawer is divided to hold spools and bobbins ready-threaded with the most frequently used colors. Cutlery boxes are handy for the purpose, and may be used to accommodate small

For the fitting: Hang a door mirror opposite one on the wall and you have a convenient corner for viewing fore and aft.

sewing machine attachments as well. The remaining drawers are put to work holding boxes of buttons, notions, tape, patterns, scraps of material, scissors and other aids.

Because best results can't be expected with poor illumination, the sewing machine is placed in front of the window. Thus light falls over the sewer's shoulder without casting a shadow on the work. A movable floor lamp takes care of the night shifts. Shelves extending the width of the window hold books, magazines and radio. A sturdy, back-supporting chair completes the picture.

The door on the wall to the right leads to a closet. It contains the dress form and space for hanging dresses. The vacuum cleaner and broom can also be stored there. A full-length mirror is mounted on the back of the closet door. When the door is open, as shown in the lower sketch, you can stand between its mirror and one on the wall to get excellent fore and aft views of yourself. This is a great help in fitting.

When decorating the room avoid bright colors and large patterns; you'll find the soft pastel shades kinder to tired eyes. Either linoleum or composition tile makes the best flooring as both these materials permit pins, thread and other small objects to be picked up with the least effort. +

Continued from page 51

She discovered, then, that she was sitting on the floor of the phone booth and that Mr. Doran was in the booth with her, holding an uncorked bottle under her nose.

"Take it easy, darling," advised Mr. Doran. "You're all right now."

Stephany found the strength to push the smelling salts away. "It was the excitement," she managed. "Imagine me winning all those things."

"It was hunger," stated Mr. Doran, emphatically. "You've been living on coffee for a week. I would have caved in long ago. Now relax."

Stephany tried to, but when her gaze wandered upward and she noticed the receiver back on the hook, she stiffened again.

"What do I do now?" she asked, bewildered.

"You eat a bowl of soup and a steak," said Mr. Doran. "That dunce on the telephone wanted you to hop a taxi, at his expense, and rush right over there. There's an extra \$100, or something, if you make it while they're still on the air. I told him to jump in the lake."

A sort of madness came to Stephany, giving her strength. She pulled herself to her feet. "You didn't!" she hissed.

"I did," he hissed back. "You can't go over there, the way you are. You haven't won anything yet, either, except a couple of bucks. You still have to compete with someone in the audience for that jeep and trailer. People Are Fiends is more than a radio program, you know. It's a fact. As stubborn as you are, you'd let them make a fool out of you before you'd give in. You don't need those things, anyway. One camping outfit to a family is enough and I already have a beautiful one."

"If it's just the same to you," fumed Stephany, trying to get past Mr. Doran, "I'll go over and get one for myself."

"All right," he agreed. "But not tonight. First, you eat."

With that Mr. Doran clamped a tight hold on Stephany's right wrist and led her from the booth. And with fine disregard for the feelings and dignity of the gaping customers, he shouldered a path through them and led Stephany to the counter. Seating her on a stool, he said, "Now stay there," very firmly, and started down behind the fountain.

Still struggling with an overpowering weakness, Stephany looked after him. He was right about her being in no condition to go to that radio studio. But if one wanted to fuss around with

miracles, one had to take the long leaps and the hard chances. So, while Mr. Doran's back was turned, Stephany slipped off the stool and fled.

ONCE IN FRONT of the big studio audience, Stephany experienced a feeling of having forgotten to pull down the shades.

"Miss Stephany McGuinness!" the Master of Ceremonies shouted. "Give her a big hand, folks!"

After the applause and the prolonged wolf whistling, the M. C. continued. "Now, Stephany, here is a brand-new hundred-dollar bill for arriving while we are still on the air." He held out the bank note and Stephany grabbed it and wished the man would hurry so she could spend the hundred for food.

"Now," he continued, "do you always listen to People Are Fiends?"

"No," admitted Stephany. "This is the first time."

"But you know the rules."

Stephany had to shake her head. "I'm sorry. I tried to listen, but someone kept interrupting."

"Ah, these men," said the M. C., winking, and the audience laughed. "Well, here's how it goes. All the prizes listed are yours, if you successfully complete some task thought up for you by some fiend in the audience. Naturally, the task will be moral and legal and, our sponsor insists, within the realm of possibility, and you can decide that for yourself. You pick out your own fiend. If you don't like the task thought up by the first fiend you may make a second choice. Fair enough?"

Stephany swallowed. "What happens if I don't—if I can't do what these fiends pick out for me to do?"

"You get nothing and the fiend you pick out gets the grand prize. If you accomplish the task chosen for you, you get the prize and the fiend gets \$100. Or, if you don't want to take a chance, you can take another hundred-dollar bill and go home; in which event the prizes will be held over until next week's question. But, if you decide to go ahead and outwit our fiends, you must try or you get nothing more."

Stephany gritted her teeth. "I'll do it."

"Great!" shouted the M. C. "Pick your fiend, Miss McGuinness."

Stephany stared down at the blur of faces. Everyone in the audience waved and pointed at themselves, begging to be chosen. And the more she looked, the more she became certain that Mr. Doran was right. People Are Fiends was, in reality, a fact. Then she heard a shouted, "Stevie!" from the rear of the auditorium and Johnny Doran, still in his white jacket, leaped into focus.

Stephany felt like a fiend, then. Mr. Doran stood there like a knight in shining armor and she was positive he would try and act like one in order to promote his own interests. He would naturally pick an easy task for her.

"That man in the rear," she said. "The noisy one in the white jacket."

"The gentleman in the white jacket!" cried the M. C., and when an attendant had rushed to Mr. Doran with a microphone, "Your name, please?"

"John Doran," said Johnny, firmly. "Miss McGuinness is my fiancée. The task I choose for her to do is marry me right away."

Stephany gasped and the audience howled. When the M. C. found his voice, he shouted, "It looks like col-



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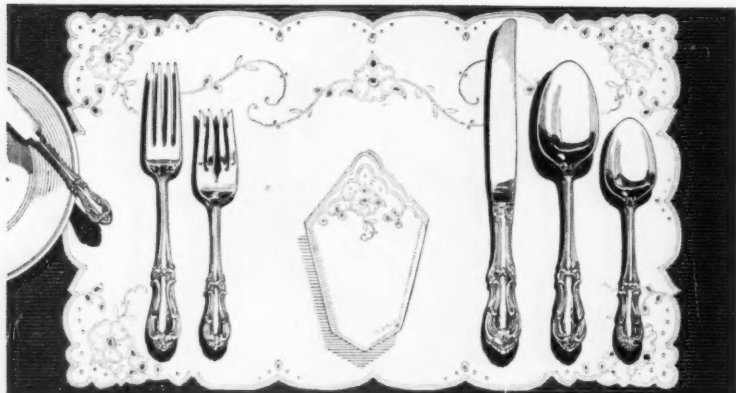
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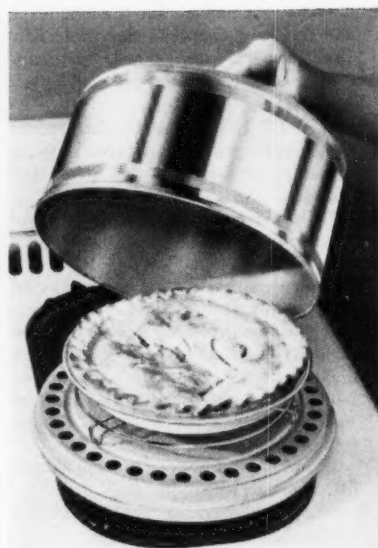


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lusion to me, but it's legal. How about it, Miss McGuinness?"

Cheeks flaming red, Stephany pointed to a huge, fatherly-looking man and said, "I'll choose him."

When the audience and the M. C. recovered from their hysteria, the big fatherly-looking man admitted his name was Pasley Brown.

"I think," said Mr. Brown, carefully, "that as long as the little lady has almost won all that camping and fishing stuff, she ought to get some use out of it. I say that one week from tonight she's to bring in here a trout over eight inches long, she has caught legally in Cedar Creek, in the High Sierra."

Stephany could have kissed Mr. Brown. Where many a good man had failed to get even a nibble, she had taken out big fish.

"Are there fish in Cedar Creek, Mr. Brown?" asked the announcer. "And what proof will you want that Miss McGuinness has completed her task?"

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "seeing as how the prizes are mine, if she tries and doesn't do what I said, Mrs. Brown and I will just go along with her and sort of see that everything is done all right. As for fish, I've caught 'em in Cedar

Creek that weighed over two pounds."

The M. C. turned to Stephany. "How about that, Miss McGuinness?"

"I think it's wonderful," cried Stephany. She was convinced now that Grandpa Steve was right. All one had to do was hold out long enough. All kinds of miracles had happened.

After it was over, and because she felt sorry for Mr. Doran, Stephany talked the studio people into simply throwing Mr. Doran bodily out the front door instead of putting him in jail, which the Colonial Broadcasting people thought was the least that should happen to that young man.

For some reason Mr. Doran walked up and hit Mr. Pasley Brown over the head with a paper sack containing one grilled T-bone steak, and was trying to follow up with a thermos jug full of hot chicken soup, when they grabbed him. And, later, Stephany and Mr. Brown escaped by a side door. Mr. Doran, they learned, waited out front for both of them and neither of them, for different reasons, wanted to see Mr. Doran.

THIRTY-SIX hours later Stephany was dizzy from altitude and nervous enough to scream. It had developed

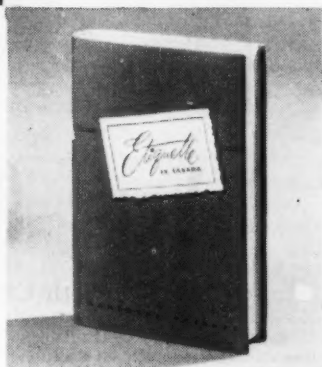
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that Mr. Brown could not drive a car. He had been man enough to admit it, but Mrs. Brown, 200 pounds and motherly, did not know how to drive either, though she was convinced she knew exactly how it should be done. So for 360 miles she had told Stephany what to do and how to do it, and had yet to be satisfied with the fruits of her advice.

A raucous horn, sounding behind them, made them all jump and before Stephany could settle herself again and calm her nerves, she jumped higher than ever. "Hey, Stevie!" yelled Mr. Doran from the car behind. "Wait!"

Stephany did not jump, head first. She did worse. She shoved the shift lever into the low gear slot and took off. And, for the first time since leaving Hollywood, Mrs. Brown gave out no advice. She was too scared to open her mouth. Mr. Brown, trapped in the rear seat, could do nothing but pray.

It was miracle enough that they finally came to a flat place on the valley floor, with everything still rolling on wheels. Here, with the song of rushing water in her ears, Stephany stopped the jeep and leaped out. Pointing upstream she said, "Tell him I went that way!" and ran into the trailer, locking the door.

In a few minutes a car pulled up and stopped and a door slammed. "Thank heaven," breathed Mr. Doran, "she made it. Where is she?"

"She went that way," said Mr. and Mrs. Brown unsteadily.

"She did not," said Mr. Doran, after a while. "She's in the trailer. I can see the tracks she made."

"Go away!" cried Stephany.

"I won't," said Mr. Doran. "I'm too nervous to drive, after watching what you just did. Besides, I've come to tell you what's wrong with Grandpa's letter."

"There is not a thing wrong with it," fumed Stephany.

"Yes, there is," said Mr. Doran. "I can prove it. The old goat ran out of paper."

"Really!" said Stephany. "Thanks very much for telling me." Then, raising her voice, she called, "Mr. Brown, make him go away."

And Mrs. Brown said, "You better come out and get to fishing, Miss McGuinness. You don't think we want to camp here all night, do you?"

"You'll stay here until I catch a fish," muttered Stephany, and went about changing into the trick fishing slacks,

Continued on page 57

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Always exploring : : : always curious! Despite the most watchful mother's eye, there's no telling what that tiny tyke will get into. Sometimes the result calls for a doctor . . . at other times just for simple first aid that mother can render herself. Below are a few of baby's commoner mishaps, and suggestions from a prominent medical authority.



SPLINTERS—Clean baby's skin with alcohol. If necessary, use a sterilized needle to free the outer point of the splinter. Then pull the splinter out with fine-gripping, sterilized tweezers, and apply an antiseptic. If splinter is large or deeply imbedded, take baby to the doctor.

BURNS AND SCALDS—For slight burns, apply a paste of baking soda and water, or put ointment on sterile gauze or freshly laundered cloth and bandage lightly in place. If baby is badly burned, first call the doctor. Then, either spread burn with petroleum jelly and cover with clean cloth, or immerse a sheet in a baking soda and warm water solution and wrap baby in it. Keep child warmly covered with blankets.



CUTS—After allowing to bleed slightly under running water, paint minor cuts with alcohol or 2% Tincture of Iodine, and then apply a sterile dressing. Bleeding from deep cuts can usually be stopped by applying a compress and bandaging tightly. If artery or vein is cut, apply a tourniquet above the cut, hold a compress tightly over the bleeding point, and hurry child to doctor.

NO MATTER WHAT FIRST AID BABY REQUIRES, the healthier he is, the more he'll take things in his stride. So guard your baby's health with wholesome, nutritious Heinz Baby Foods. When he starts on solids, choose his menu from 27 delicious varieties of easy-to-swallow, easy-to-digest Heinz Strained Baby Foods. And when doctor says he's ready to learn to chew, change to coarser-textured Heinz Junior Foods which offer 17 nourishing and taste-tempting varieties.

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CHILD HEALTH CLINIC



Your Questions

by Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

When do babies usually sit up?

Babies begin to sit up between 6 and 9 months of age. At first, they are quite unsteady and lean forward. By and by they learn to keep their balance and to sit up without help.

When do babies learn to walk?

Most healthy babies start walking between 12 and 18 months of age. Do not try to hurry them—they will learn when they are ready. It is best not to use "baby walkers."

How can I prevent my baby from lying on one side of his head all the time?

Turn his cot around after every feeding. Most babies like to lie so that they can see what is going on about them. When the head of his cot is toward the south we'll say baby lies on his right side facing the room. When the head of the cot is toward the north he will be on his left side. If a baby always lies on the same side, his head becomes somewhat flattened on that side. This does no harm and usually it disappears later on. However, some people's heads are not symmetrical.

How can I keep him under the covers?

To keep your baby under the covers make a large roomy sleeping bag. Leave the seam at the back open in its upper third. Then you can overlap it snugly across his back, below his arms and pin it together, putting the pins near his shoulder blades where he cannot reach them. Put a sweater on him to keep his arms and shoulders warm. Another way to keep up the covers is to use snap clips which are tied to the head corners of the cot with pieces of tape.

What clothes should a small baby wear?

A shirt, nightgown and a diaper are his foundation garments. A sweater may

be necessary for added warmth. If his feet do not stay warm you should use booties also. Buy size 2 shirts, with long sleeves. Cotton shirts are usually the most satisfactory, but cotton and wool or rayon and wool may be desirable in the winter. Diapers may be made of bird's-eye or flannelette. The gauze diapers are excellent because they are so easily washed and dried. They are more expensive but fewer are needed. The nightgowns should be made of flannelette. Baby does not need to wear a band after the umbilical cord has fallen off. This usually occurs before the seventh day of life.

When should I allow my child to give up his afternoon nap or rest?

If you undress your child, put on his sleepers and lay him in a bed in a cool, quiet, shaded room he will be more likely to sleep than if he merely lies down in his clothes. Afternoon naps are very valuable, as preschool children are so active that they are liable to become overtired. Even after your child no longer sleeps in the early afternoon, you should train him to lie down quietly and play with picture books or other toys for an hour or so after his noon meal. It is best to keep this up until he goes to school all day.

When should he start using a cup?

It is a good plan to begin giving your baby little sips of orange juice from a cup when he is four or five months old. Later on give him little sips of his formula or of diluted boiled milk (if you are nursing him). Put very little of the fluid in the cup at first. It will take him some time to learn how to drink from a cup. You want him to be well used to it before it is time to wean him. In many cases he can be weaned from the breast to a cup, which will save considerable trouble. +

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AND YOUR BABY**



Baby's Own
SOAP • OIL • POWDER

Continued from page 55

red shirt, boots and cute felt hat she had bought for herself with what had remained of the \$100 she had won, after eating three glorious meals and paying a month's rent in advance.

Wondering why she had been so foolish, Stephany finally picked up a fly casting rod, rigged it, tied a fly to the leader and stepped outside. Mr. Doran, dressed in comfortable old clothes, stared at her, removed the black pipe from his mouth and whistled.

"Why I talked them out of throwing you in jail, I'll never know," said Stephany, through clenched teeth. "Now if you'll excuse me, I'll go and catch a fish."

"It's not even worth your time trying," said Mr. Doran, unperturbed. "Mr. Brown knows it, too. That's why I clouted him. He's a real fiend, that guy. But let me show you a book I brought along." He turned back toward his car and, Stephany noticing it for the first time, was surprised. It was a long, low, very expensive convertible.

"Some other time," she said, biting her lip, and marched on toward the creek. Mr. Brown hurried at her side, glad to get away from Mr. Doran.

The water course was broad and swift, a series of riffles and deep pools and Stephany was glad Mr. Brown was such a kindly man. This would be a cinch. Wading into a riffle, she started downstream. But before she had gone more than a few hundred yards, she stopped, gasping. Here the stream dived into a narrow gorge, impassable to anything without wings.

"A little farther on," said Mr. Brown, "it dives into a hole in the ground. Nobody knows where it comes out."

Backtracking and fighting a growing feeling of futility, Stephany fished upstream. A very short distance above the place she had first waded into the water, her progress was blocked again. Here an astonishing, high, wire mesh fence rose 10 feet above the ground and, where it crossed the creek, extended down to bed rock, effectively blocking the progress of all fish and fishermen. At intervals along the fence were signs.

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Even as she stared at the barrier, a great trout rose out of a pool on the other side of the fence, snapped at some buzzing insect and fell back.

Stephany turned a grim face toward Mr. Brown. "You caught your big fish over there, didn't you?" she charged.

"That's right," admitted Mr. Brown. "I'm a member. Club season don't open until next month though. But I caught fish in Cedar Creek, like I said."

"And the stretch of water I fished is never stocked," said Stephany.

"That's right," said Mr. Brown. "Remember I said you had to catch a fish legally, too. Looks like you're stuck, don't it?"

STEPHANY FORCED back her impulses, handed the expensive fly casting rod to Mr. Brown and started back through the trees, hurrying ahead so she could be alone. The star that had flared so close and so brightly the last hour, was hazy now, obscured by the tears of utter failure. And now she knew, her-

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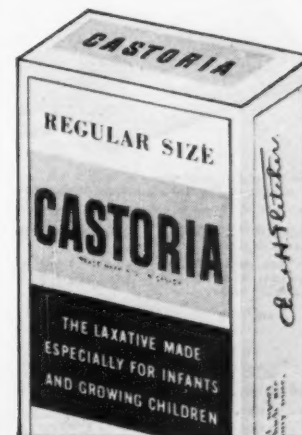
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self, what was wrong with Grandpa Steve's advice, without Mr. Doran telling her. What Grandpa Steve had set down allowed of no alternative. The longer and harder one tried, the more crushing the defeat.

Back at camp Mrs. Brown sat on the running board of the jeep and Mr. Doran sat behind the wheel of his car, smoking his pipe. Mrs. Brown tittered when she saw Stephany. Mr. Doran said nothing. He sat there like an owl.

Stephany went on into the trailer and paused before the dresser to look at failure in the mirror. There was an old book propped against it, held open at a certain page. Slowly, very slowly, Stephany read the printed words. The sound of Mr. Doran's car brought her out of her trance.

"Wait!" she cried. "Wait for me, Johnny!"

"Okay!" he called back, unsteadily. Stephany simply changed from rubber boots to shoes, threw everything else into her suitcase, grabbed up the old volume and dashed outside. She threw the suitcase into Johnny's car and shook her finger at him.

"There's just one thing," she said. "You're not going to spend your life hanging around that drugstore waiting for some silly producer to discover you. You'll have to get some kind of job."

"Heck," said Johnny, "I can't afford to be discovered. That drugstore makes me enough money as it is."

"You mean . . ." cried Stephany, and when Johnny nodded, she knew a great and wonderful truth. In that drugstore, seeing hundreds of beautiful women every day, he had waited for the star he wanted to appear, and he had kept the faith. She ran around the car and climbed in.

"Hey!" shouted Mr. Brown. "What about us? We can't drive."

"Fish and have fun," suggested Mr. Doran, over his shoulder.

"No!" shrieked Mrs. Brown. "You can't do this!"

"Yes, we can," cried Stephany. "People, you know, are fiends."

The pitch up out of the valley was rugged and Mr. Doran had to use both hands. But when he came to the summit he stopped the car and used one hand to draw Stephany closer to him. Dusk had already come to the valley floor to the east and clusters of winking lights identified the towns. But high on the mountain, a little light remained.

"It took me a day to track down that book," murmured Johnny. "Read that part out loud, will you, darling?"

Stephany opened the book she still held in her hands and slowly read the immortal words a great man had once set down in a letter to his daughter. Words Grandpa Steve, unable to think of better, had recklessly plagiarized.

When Stephany came to the line, "The miracle will happen, if you but keep the faith," she paused and smiled, and then went on. "But if you would ever turn aside, my darling, turn aside only for love, because there is no brighter star."

"That," murmured Johnny Doran, letting the car drift on down the grade, "is wonderful."

"And so true," sighed Stephany, and realized for the first time that it had neither been hunger nor altitude that made her light-headed. It had been this perfect young man who held her so securely in his arm. ♦

Reprieve

Continued from page 49

"That old woman!" He was horrified. "Nope, she's still around, but this bunch is too hep for her. Anyway, she's got her eye on Mr. Anderson's junior partner." He peered under the cover of the cake dish, cut off an enormous chunk. He ambled to the door. "Be seeing you," he said.

Mrs. Pelham looked after him as he went down the drive, critically surveying his cake. And she saw a great deal.

Mistily, she looked down a vista of years. She saw, not the tall and gangling individual, half-man, half-boy, who ambled away from her, bent on projects of his own, but rather a succession of boys who grew larger as they approached her.

FAR, FAR AWAY in the distance she saw a sturdy little towhead, a two-year-old, scorning help as he picked himself up from a hard fall; his blue eyes brimmed with hurt but no tear fell . . . Then, there was a disobedient four-year-old, mired in the muddy morass of a neighboring field where he had been told not to go. She had let him struggle for 20 minutes before she had gone out to rescue him. He was tugging valiantly at his captive foot. "Foot," he was saying, as she came up behind him, "you got yourself in there, you just get yourself out." And with a last mighty tug, he had pulled himself free. There had been no call for help . . . There was, too, the husky 10-year-old, who came in to dinner one night with one eye rapidly blackening and the other

gleaming with satisfaction he did not explain . . . And the much larger boy who had risen early one morning, gone downtown to subject himself to an examination for a commercial broadcasting license. She had worried about that. He was too young to try. But he had passed.

Yes, she thought, looking down the vista of the years and finding it good, he had passed. He had stood on his own feet, solved his own problems, would go on doing it. He would suffer some—but he would come through. And her hardest job would be to stand by and watch, not interfering unless he wanted her to interfere. Suddenly, Mrs. Pelham knew that he never would want that. Easily, with incredible gentleness, he had taught her that lesson this morning when, casually and without hurting her feelings in the least, he had returned her party to her.

And, as for his room, Mrs. Pelham, with startling insight, acquired a new perspective. If she removed all his radio and electronic equipment, how would that room look? Not bad, not bad at all. It was just that the limitations of the house required a combination of workroom and bedroom. Mrs. Pelham wondered how her bedroom would look if she had to combine it with her kitchen—on canning day, for example! And in all fairness she had to admit that, once a project was finished, he did restore a semblance of order. It was just that there were so very many projects to occupy his restless, inquisitive mind.

Yes, she might have known. She guessed maybe that it was Jon's mother, not Jon, who had grown up this week.



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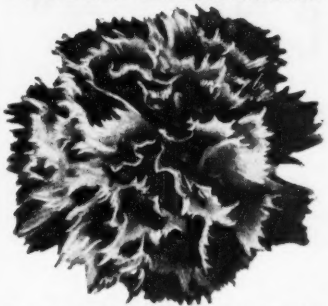
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An hour later she stood in the doorway to his room. The recording machine was back on the floor and the pile of discs was a foot high.

Mrs. Pelham drew a long breath of release that went straight to her toes. "Thank you!" she said to someone.

She went over to the desk, again a welter of lethal-looking apparatus. She flipped a switch, the one lever she knew.

She spoke into the receiver in loud clear tones. Her words came back to her, reverberating through all the communicators in the house. They were firm and very glad. "One, two, three, test, Hello, test!" they said. +

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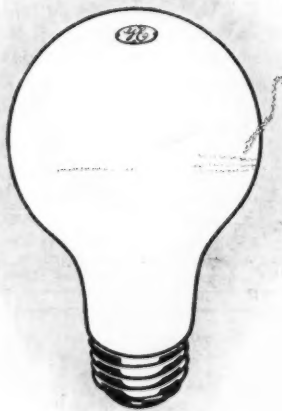
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Chatelaine

Vol. 23 No. 2

for FEBRUARY

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The Divorce Bogey

Continued from page 7

because they want to get away from unhappy home conditions; because they don't want the status of an unmarried woman; because they want to escape a humdrum job.

With this in mind we asked our councilors, "Did you feel you were in love when you married or did some other factor enter into the picture?"

Many of our councilors said, "After weighing this question very carefully, I have answered it as honestly as I could."

And the collective answers? Eight-six out of every 100 women reported they could honestly say that they had really been in love when they married.

Five per cent would not answer this question, but 15 out of every 100 women admitted that "other factors contributed."

More than half of that 15% confessed that they had "wanted a home; wanted to keep house."

Others said they married, "For

security. My husband had a good business."

"For companionship. Was lonely. Wanted to be needed."

"Knew he'd make a good husband and father. Would be easy to live with."

"Home life wasn't happy."

"Wanted to escape job."

"Wanted to have family."

"Wanted status of married woman."

"He needed someone to look after him; to provide him with a home; keep him out of trouble."

"Knew he would make me happy; knew he was right man."

"He was well liked, kind, considerate, nicest man I knew."

"We had similar tastes in music, literature."

"I was asked."

"Wanted to escape small town."

"Same religious beliefs."

"Thought it was time to settle down."

"He had good habits."

Nevertheless, the great majority, 86 out of every 100, married for love's own sake.

So that you may check the above figures, here are the questions and their answers:

Question: Through the years, when you have had fundamental disagreements with your husband (or wife) have you ever thought of separation or divorce?

The women answered:

27% Occasionally 2% Often 67% Never 4% No Answer

The men answered:

12% Occasionally 1% Often 84% Never 3% No Answer

Question: When a man and woman cannot get along do you think it is better or worse for the children if the parents stick it out and hold the home together?

The women answered:

42% Better 16% Worse 37% Undecided 5% No Answer

The men answered:

49% Better 21% Worse 24% Undecided 2% No Difference
4% No Answer

Question: Did you feel you were in love when you married or did some other factor enter into the picture? (Asked only of the women.)

86% Thought I was in love 15% Other factors contributed 5% No Answer

(Figures on the last question add to more than 100% because of multiple answers.)

It's Never Too Late

Continued from page 12

this condition. On healthy grey or white hair experiment with color rinses that shampoo out. It's fun to try different effects . . . silvery blond, or a bluish tone; rosy pastel or a pink cast.

How about your skin? Age is the greatest skin-drying force there is. So do understand that your mature skin needs added and constant care. Invest in a rich cream to smooth away fatigue lines, protect against dryness. Give extra attention to your throat, and the area around your eyes. At the throat there are few oil glands, so that skin there tends to become "crepy" and wrinkles first if uncared for. As to the eyes, the skin surrounding your eyes is unsupported, thin and delicate as lace.

Is your make-up becoming? The better you look, the better you feel. Don't strive to cover up age signs, but rather

point up your prettiest self. In a clear light, check your present coloring—are your cosmetic shades due for revision? A gentler, more flattering make-up may be called for—a rosier powder shade, a lipstick with more red and less orange. As you apply your make-up, avoid the common cosmetic errors of the older woman. Never use rouge without lipstick. Do not place rouge too low; apply it high out toward the temple, and blend it to the faintest blush of color. Do not be afraid to gently curve a mouth that has grown thinner. Carefully enlarge the curve of the upper lip with a lipbrush or your lipstick, fill in and press upper and lower lips together.

Is your grooming up-to-date? Are you always willing to give a new product or idea a try? You can still enjoy the lift in spirits that a new-style hair-do, an inch off your hips can bring. Do you remove superfluous hair, knowing you cannot look well groomed today if you do not? ♦



"After comparison I found that Heinz Vegetable Soup far surpassed my favourite brand of soup in flavour."

—Mrs. E. P.

"In the past we have been buying another brand of soup, but this sample will switch us to Heinz in the future."

—Mrs. S. P.

"After tasting the Heinz sample I think I have been buying the wrong brand of soups."

—Mrs. R. H.

"Having tried Heinz Mushroom Soup, all I can say is that it is far ahead of other brands."

—Mrs. C. M.

"My husband says it is second to none, and anytime I want a week's vacation, just to leave him a supply of Heinz Soups."

—Mrs. C. W.

"I had the pleasure of tasting Heinz Cream of Green Pea Soup. I find it excels all other makes."

—Mrs. A. McC.

"I found the Heinz Vegetable Soup a much richer, finer flavour than the brand I have been using."

—Mrs. M. MacD.

"After trying Heinz Soup for the first time, my husband and I both agree it has far more flavour than other soups."

—Mrs. E. T.

"I tried your Cream of Mushroom Soup and found it far superior to any brand of soup I have tried."

—Mrs. M. H. B.

"Having tried your sample of Heinz Vegetable Soup I think it is super compared to other brands of soup."

—Miss M. McC.

"We sampled your Cream of Tomato Soup and decided it is the most nourishing and appetizing we have ever tried."

—Mrs. M. McC.

"The sample of Heinz Cream of Chicken Soup was delicious. It was just like home-made soup."

—Mrs. C. C.

"Heinz Soups are the brand for me after trying your Vegetable Soup . . . far superior for richness and flavour."

—Mrs. R. B.

"I think that your Soup rates above all other soups on the market."

—Mrs. W. W.

"I like Heinz Vegetable Soup because it tastes more like homemade soup than any other brand."

—Mrs. R. L.

"I really think Heinz Soups are the tops. In fact it is hard to beat anything that carries the Heinz trade mark."

—Mrs. W. W. I.

You can see by these comments that many women have been buying soup by habit rather than by choice. Often the first taste of Heinz Soups convinces them that they have been missing a treat. Try a similar comparison yourself and taste the wonderful difference.

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reality! So switch to the new *sudsing* Old Dutch tomorrow. Ask for it in the same familiar package.

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